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## I HAVE LOST MY HARP.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

I have lost my harp most strangely:

It is not on the willows hung—

For roses were wreathed about it,

And its wires to joy were strung.

I think it has not been broken,

But I know I laid it by

In the earliest days of winter,

When the first snows fell from the sky.

My voice was light and trembling,

And I missed its wonted ring,

So I said, "I will sit and listen,

While the better artists sing;

And when I can waken music

Pleasant and sweet to hear,

I will get my harp for my using—

Maybe another year."

But once when the winds of winter

Were up, with their twangings sharp,

Dreaming of earth's lost music,

I thought of my silent harp;

And thinking to try its sweetness,

And sit for an hour alone,

I went for the harp I sang to

In summer, but it was gone.

Where should I look to find it?

Was it all dissolved to mist,

And up on the soft sky mountains

Of gold and amethyst—

Taken by sylph or angel

Who had heard me try to play,

And thought to be using it better

On the shining hills of day?

Or was it a mortal found it,

All dusty, with unused things,

Unfastened the dead wreaths from it,

And brightened its rusted strings?

I queried but could not answer,

And I tried but I could not sing,

So I sit and long for the music

Which the old days used to bring!

I have lost my harp most strangely—

And can no one tell me where?

I will question the sweet new darling

Asleep in the rocking-chair:

Ah! her innocent tongue cannot tell me

If she carried my harp away,

But I think she will bring it back singing,

Some beautiful summer day.

Men write essays, and from the rostrums of Literary societies utter ranting speeches, informing their ignorant sisters of their true sphere of duties. Would it not be well to allow woman to work out that sphere for herself? A man understands and comprehends a woman's nature, apparently, as well as a Hottentot would that of an angel. He has dictated her sphere long enough. Let her now have a voice, and until she speaks, man had best, after the failures of six thousand years, be silent.

It was a dense crowd of men, and when men collect in crowds, their debased natures are intensified and they turn their vulgar side to each other. The occasion reflected this in a strong light. The lowest meaning was attached to "free love," and the ribald jest was freely passed around.

Oh woman! your voice is seldom heard in the assembly, but your presence alone has a thousand fold more power to hold in check the depravity of a mob, than the voice of the most venerable chairman. Whenever and wherever men gather, without you, they are coarse, vulgar and selfishly brutal; ripe for the vulgar jest, the ribald song, the indelicate allusion. Your presence lifts them into a purer atmosphere, and thus actuates them with new and higher motives; the gross club becomes a social party; the mob an attentive assembly.

Oh women! do not think I am complimenting, for I am not, as you will find by reading a few lines farther. When you meet in assembly alone, free from the presence of the leige lords—I regret to write it—but I have a clairvoyant perception that you lower your angelic elevation and range amid, not perhaps coarse and rank grasses, but amid grasses growing out of the same bog. When you meet together, I fear your cheeks would blush carnation if all you said were reported. I would not have you put on airs by former praise, for though you are all angels, it not well for you to be left to yourselves. The result of patient study and thought is that men and women are elevated by each other's society, and the paradox is presented of the union of two evils working out good. These pages may fall under the eyes of maiden ladies who disbelieve in mankind and men especially, and fidget when one is in the room, after the manner of the celebrated individual who recognized the presence of a cat though unseen, by subtle sensibility, and became frantic. If these maidens are also riding the "woman's question," their disgust will be the more intense, for according to the extreme wing of that movement, women are amply able to run the world alone, and men are only needless brakes on the wheels.

There were no women to purify the atmosphere of the crowd in the Congregational Church, and as much as Deering prided itself on its dignity and sense of propriety it was similar to other crowds. It began to gather by noon, in clusters, talking loudly and jesting coarsely. Then as dinner being over the citizens outside the village came in by the wagon load and in carriages, on horseback and afoot—the church was overflowing. Judge Allelaim was unusually busy, for he was a leader in the movement, and Mr. Tobias Palaver was also seen everywhere, illustrating his cogent observations with grimace and gesture, and Samuel Brass had on his pettifogging high-heels, on this momentous occasion. There were suspicious whispers, and reproachful glances cast at Mr. Leland and Victor. The own's people evidently were suspicious of them. It was surmised that they favored the Community, and

from that the village crones doubted if Victor and Mary were lawfully married. It was known that the leaders of the Community had been admitted to a lengthy conversation by the Lelands. "No, no," said Judge Allelaim, "they are not to be trusted."

The Communists were not idle nor backward. They mingled with the crowd, discussed, and gained whatever advantage could be gained by a knowledge of the enemy's method of attack. On the stone platform of the church, one of their number had established himself as a book peddler, selling his own "Life." He was a strong, muscular man, with light hair, turned gray and thus becoming yellowish. An immense beard coming down like a cataract of hair, below his waistband, formed the principle feature of his face, for nothing more could be seen but the blunt end of a nose, and two gray eyes peering out of the narrow line of flesh between it and his hat. This man was not of the brutal type, yet animal was expressed in every movement of his body and every kink of his grizzly beard. He was a "varietist" now, but in youth he had married, and lived usually happy with his wife and family. At forty-five he was "developed" by reading certain books, and ignoring the laws of New Hampshire, where he resided, ingratiated himself into the good graces of a neighbor's wife. For which innocent, natural and "brave" assertion of his freedom and "individual sovereignty," he was duly placed in the penitentiary by the villainous law, for one year, and compelled to work, which was uncongenial to his taste. While thus suffering martyrdom for the honest assertion of a principle, he wrote the book he was selling—a thick volume, narrating his life, but especially dilating on his trial and martyrdom.

"Voice from the Dungeon!" bawled Mr. Jerome. "Voice from the Dungeon! One year's suffering borne for the truth's sake. Only one dollar. Herein all the doctrines of free-love are expounded."

How that word gathered the crowd! Mr. Jerome boasted that night, of having sold one hundred copies of his "Life," and one hundred individuals in Deering, that evening, sat up late to read his remarkable defense, and many retired with brains muddled by his sophisms and wild assertions.

Reverend Doctor Vaner, Mr. Orland, Colmar, Sizer Cumin, and a person who had arrived that day from the East—a Reverend Mr. Saber, of the Campbellite church—formed a group near the centre of the church. Mr. Saber had been esteemed in his society, as a man of more than ordinary ability—as a good man and eloquent preacher; but he was of an unsettled mind, and pleased with novelty. He had rushed headlong into communism, and accepted all its consequences.

Sizer had blossomed into an apostle. Reading of the robes of the ancient sages, he being a sage, must have as much of a robe as possible. He procured a black circle-cloak reaching to his ankles, and drawing it around him, struck attitudes Plato or the peripatetics would have envied. Sizer was not proud. He trampled pride under the feet of his egotism. He sought to show that he despised fashion and appearance—in short, everything that anybody else loved.

Judge Allelaim arose, and gaining a hearing, cried in a loud voice, harsh and staccato for its loudness:

"Fellow townsmen—We have met on important business, and it is necessary we at once proceed to its consideration. We must organize by electing a chairman."

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[Written for the American Spiritualist.]

## DEERING HEIGHTS:

Free Love and Communism as there Practiced, and their Results.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### THE INDIGNATION MEETING.

Talk, talk, endless talk!

And what does it amount to?

Nothing!

All the men and all the boys of Deering met early in the afternoon of the eventful day at the Church of the Congregationalists. The women of Deering did not go, for there would be impropriety in their listening to the debate, an opinion they formed from foregone conclusions on the subject, and impropriety was, above all things, considered terrible by the ladies of Deering. There is an anomaly in the social movement: It is ostensibly to free woman, and yet she who alone is to profit by it, is almost silent.

The Judge would have made a nomination, but he was in hopes some of his friends would nominate him, and he thus would be able to figure conspicuously. Vain hope. A voice shouted, "Mr. Leland," and the name was taken up and echoed from all sides. If Mr. Leland occupied the chair, order would be preserved, and justice bestowed on all. On taking the chair, he remarked:

"I am gratified by this token of your confidence and shall endeavor to preserve the requisite order; but my success in this depends entirely on yourselves. Deering is famous for its decorous behavior. The present is an unusual occasion, but I have faith that no one will forget the amenities due one to another, and that charity will control our proceedings."

Judge Allclaim opened the discussion by a furious onslaught. He said these intruders were trespassing on the rights of the old pioneers.

The village schoolmaster could not understand why the "old pioneers" had more rights than the man who came and purchased yesterday. He was pained, he was deeply hurt by such an insinuation, for he was only a citizen since the year, himself.

Samuel Brass pettifogged until not a soul, not even himself, knew which side he was on. Neither having employed him, he went in for a free fight, for and against both parties.

Mr. Tobias Palaver was excited. He was indignant. He was frightened. Such doctrines, such men in Deering! "Why sirs, Mr. Chairman, fellow citizens," he burst forth, "we are in danger! Our wives and our blooming daughters will be taken away from us."

Here immense laughter was created by Sizer arising and striking an attitude, with his sage-robe, asking—"We believe in freedom, and will they go with us if they do not love us?" and some one in the audience crying, "His wife is gone!"

Sizer was determined to be heard. At least twenty were determined that he should not be, nor any of his party. The uproar was indescribable. Having expended itself, the chairman regained order. By vote, Sizer would be heard for ten minutes. He walked to the front, and struck an attitude. His long hair was combed straight backward, and fell on his shoulders. He practiced a wild look with his eyes, meant to strike the beholder as profound, deep-seeing, all-penetrating. Sizer began by a "statement of principles," as he never failed to do. "He was an individual sovereign. He must be free. God was a humbug; government a usurpation; marriage the source of all evil." He was marching on grandly, when silenced by the uproar, and continued to speak for his ten minutes, although not a word was audible.

He had not become seated before Dr. Mather sprang to his feet. He swung his arms wildly; he shouted at the top of his voice. His gestures had the effect to produce order and silence. He was madly excited. He vociferated, stamped, hopped into the air, struck wildly to right and left, but not an articulate word escaped him. His feelings were beyond the stale forms of expression, and as they deepened, he foamed at the mouth, and hopped the higher into the air. What would have been the result, is unknown, had not a storm of applause brought him to his senses.

Reverend Doctor Vaner must claim his ten minutes. He was a regular minister of the Gospel, as was his friend, Mr. Saber. He stated his principles. Government was tyranny. This idea he enlarged upon for his time.

Orland and Colmar each claimed their rights for ten minutes, and finally Reverend Mr. Saber arose for his. He occupied high biblical grounds. He had the Bible by rote; and it was replete with evidence favoring communism and free-love. He could not enlarge on the Old Testament in ten minutes. He would do so that evening, free, at Free Discussion Hall. He would only take up the New. Did not the Apostles found a community, having all things common, and did they not sanction free-love? The birth of Christ himself was outside of wedlock. He was a love-child. He was followed from place to place by Magdalenes. Rev. Mr. Saber had used eight minutes. This irreverence could not be borne, and although he continued for the next two minutes, his words were lost.

The people of Deering had met for consultation, but by a sad chance they had been compelled to sit for an hour and listen to the most revolutionary statements, expressed in the rudest and most disgusting manner.

Judge Allclaim aroused himself for a speech. He had not sat down for a half hour—only touched the seat, ready to spring up and catch the attention of the chairman. His abortive efforts, wherein he had several times, as it were, half unsheathed himself, like a

pocket-knife half opened, and sank slowly back, were regarded by the boys as laughable, and they accordingly laughed. It was evident from the scowl on the face of the Judge, that he could not be repressed much longer with safety. He cried out—"Mr. Chairman!" with the closing words of the last speaker, and sprang to his feet as suddenly as a jack-in-a-box.

The scowl gave his pinched face a more pinched appearance. Standing there, he had the appearance of a man carved by a tyro out of a vinegar plant; had he been lying down, he would have been mistaken for a mummy.

"Mr. Chairman," he cried, in a husky voice, "the man must be the head of the woman. There can be but one head in a family, and that must be the man. We want to say, 'my wife,' we want to own her. Woman's place is at home, taking care of the children. She should not be allowed to violate those rules fixed by custom. To be a mother is the sum and end of woman's existence. By agitating this, we have Shakerism, communism, perfectionism, polygamy, and countless other isms, distracting the mind and leading it astray. This mixing up of the sexes is an abomination. It leads direct to free-love. If the women are allowed to do as they please, wear pants and go into business, they will become independent, and then what will become of our wives?" Here the wheels of his eloquence hitched, and he repeated—"What will become of our wives? We rest on the Bible, which clearly marks out woman's sphere. I have no patience with these men who disclaim ownership in their wives. I want to own mine, to call her mine, to have her obey me, and take care of my house and my children; and when this religious feeling is broken up, and women forget their duty to their children and husbands, and engage in business, even some of them having the effrontery to engage in public speaking, woe is that day. Licentiousness will run rampant, virtue will be unknown." He paused to take breath, when one of the "nucleus" asked:

"Would you be one of the demoralized? Are you restrained by the laws?"

"No!" said the judge, with severity.

"Then why do you think others are so much worse than yourself?"

Sure enough, the judge could not tell. Really, it was because he thought himself, like the Pharisee of old, "better than thou," but he did not wish to say so. He did not wish to sit down with such a closing, so he struck out wildly:

"Already these loose notions have affected the population. Only foreigners have respectably large families. The old Puritan stock is dying out. It all comes of woman's rights, and isms, and ologies." It was all owing to what he called a "miserable androgynism." The last word was a convenient peg whereon Mr. Palaver could air his thirst for knowledge.

"Will Judge Allclaim be kind enough to define that last word—'androgynism?' Some of the young people are in doubt as to its meaning."

"Androgynism," replied the judge, "is a false relation—in short, is androgynism."

Mr. Palaver was not satisfied. He did not exactly catch the meaning. He knew it was a Greek word, or derived from the Greek, and presumed its root was "dog." He thought it barbarous to Englishify a Greek root with the ending, "ism." He presumed it was the same root from which "dogma" was derived, and to simplify, would prefer "dogism," to the longer word.

The schoolmaster said: "It is no definition at all. I suppose it means the intrusion of one sex into the departments formerly held by the other. As for the 'puritan stock' running out, for my part the sooner it runs out the better. The gentleman talks as if we lived entirely for the next generation, and had no rights ourselves. He would have women raise children as the end of her life. I cannot see what this question has to do with the object of the meeting, and shall call any one to order who again departs from the main object of the meeting, which I consider to be the determined persecution of good and honest citizens."

Samuel Brass was glad to hear that law and order were to be sustained. It appeared to him that there was danger of the citizens, in their zeal, over-riding the dignity of the law. There were rules governing the proceedings of deliberative bodies, and he hoped to see them obeyed.

(To be continued.)

Read the interesting discussion between E. V. Wilson and Rev. Clark Bralen, on the 5th page. The Aff. dealt in close, unanswerable arguments—the Neg. in simple denial and dodging! The game was not worth the powder!

## Mediumism.

BY JOHN HARDY.

In these days of Medium repudiation by some of those who have been in the front, as leaders and teachers, it behooves us as true friends of the cause we love so much, and which has contributed such joy to the hearts of thousands, to bring forth our "strong reasons" for the knowledge within us; for while these friends parade before us the "errors," imperfections and incongruities, (necessarily attending the chaotic period of any new phenomena) as "fatal objections" to the spirit theory, invalidating all Mediumship,—we must meet their line of argument, not by invidious denunciations, or imputing to them improper motives, but by placing before them substantial and verified facts, derived, as we honestly believe, solely and unmistakably through the channels of Mediumship, for that is the word that seems to have so severely exercised the righteous indignation of our semi-repudiating brethren.

The question it seems is not the percentage of Mediums who are genuine; or the percentage of messages coming through genuine media that are reliable; nor what proportion of said messages partake of the channel through which they flow; nor is it what phase of Mediumship is the most reliable,—but the question between us, as Spiritualists, and them as mundanists, is, "Do spirits communicate at all, directly to mortals through a third person." Either this is the question, or there is no question between us; for I contend that if these friends admit one solitary case of a veritable spirit message through a Medium, they admit the whole question at issue, and have come over to us, or they have never left us, and the structure they thought they had erected falls to the ground. Those who have perused their writings will have observed a cautiousness quite commendable, when nearing that point,—an extreme letting alone—totally denying all Mediumship, in so many words.

Whether they are not really satisfied on this point themselves, and are floundering in the dark; afloat on a sea of doubt; or are gently feeling the pulse of their brethren, as to the dose they can stand,—paving the way for a total denial as soon as it will be politic so to do;—it is difficult to determine.

If they are prepared to successfully account for all the varied demonstrations attending the phenomena in question by purely mundane influences; if they can demonstrate the fact that all these manifestations, that we claim are performed by departed spirits, can be done by mortals, even then they have taken but one short step toward invalidating the spirit theory, if it is a step at all.

Because a spirit out of the body can rap on a table, does it follow that a spirit in the body may not do the same under favorable conditions; or because I can rap on a table, would one argue that a spirit not of the form cannot do so?

If James Victor Wilson, out of the form, came and conversed with A. J. Davis, does it follow that some spirit in the form may not also come from a distance, leaving the body for the time being, and converse with some one susceptible to such influence? and should some such spirit in the form actually do so, would Bro. Loveland argue therefore, that Victor Wilson nor any other spirit out of the form ever did or can communicate through Media? No one, I think, would be so uncharitable as to accuse a brother of such obtuseness. No intelligent Spiritualist will take the ground that because a certain manifestation cannot for the time being be explained or accounted for by purely mundane action, that therefore spirits must do it.

Modern Spiritualists are not apt to base theories upon the foundation of admitted ignorance; that might have done for the savage, who created to himself a vindictive personal devil because no one could tell him what else caused the earthquake, tornado, or thunder! This mode of reasoning may satisfy the fossilized

church, who argue a personal God, because no one may explain to them who else, or what else, causes the blade of grass to come forth.

But while a theory is not to be established on ignorance—on mere negations,—and while the “spirit” theory is not proved, merely because the phenomena connected with the manifestations are not accounted for by mundane influences; neither can that theory be overturned on the ground that the manifestations said to be performed by spirits can also be done under “purely mundane” powers; and any man who takes such grounds, has his first lesson to learn in spiritual philosophy.

My own belief is, that many of the really wonderful manifestations, both physical and mental, now performed by spirits, may, and eventually will, be as readily done by spirits in the body. But that all of them can be so performed while the spirit is clogged with gross materiality, is at least highly questionable.

I think that you, Bro. Editor, and I, and hundreds of others, can, whenever necessary, produce authenticated and verified cases of spirit manifestations, that will defy the astuteness of Mr. Loveland or any of his mundane theorists, to explain them on any other basis than the purely spiritual.

Granted that this is so, I do not wish to be understood that this view of the case alone settles the question between ourselves and the “Mundanists,” but I do contend that should we rest the case here, our grounds are full as strong for claiming such phenomena for the spirit theory, as theirs for the mundane, even if spirits in the body can perform these wonders; and stronger, much stronger, if as far as is known, no one in the body has done so.

So far then the friends who believe in spirit communion stand as well, if not a little better, than the “earth earthy” advocates; but unfortunately for the latter, we have another set of witnesses—the spirits themselves. We place them on the stand; give them utterance, and they are certainly entitled to some credence. Jesus might possibly have been mistaken about the identity of Moses and Elias on the Mount. Peter, James and John, never having seen them, might also have been mistaken. It “might have been” merely their pictures left “painted on the viewless air,” although they conversed as spirits in modern times do; but when the parties in question are appealed to, and the response is, “I am Moses,” and “I am old Elias,” or “I am thy fellow servant, of thy brethren, the prophets,” what are we to do with their testimony? Jesus and his friends knew that there was an addition of two to their company, and these two claimed to be Moses and Elias—spirits out of the form, and I hardly think an *alibi*, the last resort, would suffice to invalidate their positive testimony, that they were indeed other than they themselves claimed to be.

’Tis true, this is rather an ancient manifestation, and we shall have to admit that Moses seems to be rather loose in some of his accounts; but as there seems to be no motive for him to try to falsify in this case, and being fortified by his friend Elias, of excellent veracity, and corroborated by Jesus and his three friends. I suppose we shall have to accept it as a manifestation, at least, quite difficult to be accounted for by purely mundane “picture” theories.

Now I will present our doubting friends two cases, more modern, coming under my own observation, and shall be pleased to have these Mundanists manipulate them by their theory.

On the evening of the 27th of November last, at a public circle given at our house every Wednesday and Sunday evening, for the purpose of communions with our spirit friends, Mrs. M. M. Hardy, Medium, a message was received from a stranger, requesting me to forward the same, as directed by the spirit, which request I promptly attended to, as per following letters:

Boston, Monday Evening, Nov. 28, 1870.

MR. HARPER,

Dear Sir:—At a circle of Spiritualists, held at my house, No. 125 W. at Concord street, last evening, among the spirits

who controlled the Medium was one calling himself Major John Harper; says he died in 1840; has a son now residing in Indianapolis, Ind., by name, J. P. Harper, who is doing business there. Says he died in Carlisle, Penn., and you did not leave there for the West till after he passed away. Says you have called for him strongly to make some demonstration to him from the spirit world, if it is possible. He heard you make this request mentally not long ago, and he comes here to respond.

Dear Sir:—Should the foregoing reach you, please write me as to the correctness of the same, and oblige,

Yours truly,

JOHN HARDY.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Dec. 6, 1870.

MR. JOHN HARDY.

Dear Sir:—Your letter of Nov. 28th reached me on the 6th inst. However inexplicable the contents may be, common honesty requires that I should inform you that all the facts stated in it are literally true.

My father, Major John Harper did “die at Carlisle, Penn., in 1840.” I was “present with him at the time,” and afterwards, to-wit: in 1850, “went West,” and have been “residing in this city the last five years.” I did “call for him earnestly,” and herein lies a fact as singular (to me) as anything else. Your kindness demands that I should relate the circumstances. For a year past I have been examining the phenomena of Spiritualism, and actuated by a desire, 1st. To preclude the possibility of collusion on the part of any person living, and 2d. To avoid the notoriety of publication. While seated in my office, alone, and the doors closed, on the 7th of September, I took a sheet of paper and wrote upon it a request, desiring my father to go to a certain other place, (as I had never heard of your circle, and have never been in your city,) and there, after giving his true name to the intelligence controlling, to send me as a test, a message by a fictitious name which I gave him. I stated also that I would communicate this to no person living until I saw whether it was complied with or not. I then enclosed it in an envelope and placed it in my pocket with some private papers. On the 20th of September, under the same circumstances precisely, I took it out for the first time, and having read it over slowly, endorsed the fact and date upon it, and re-placed it in the envelope where it remained until after the receipt of your letter. I state most positively that no living person saw that paper, or heard it alluded to in any manner, till after the arrival of your note.

Instead of receiving an answer from the place requested, and in the manner desired, I received it from yourself, an utter stranger in the fullest degree.

Looking at these facts in the light of the design in my mind, at the time of making the request, I am compelled to admit that the true spirit and object is carved out in a better manner than as I proposed. In fact, the variations from the plan constitute a double test, for if any one had discovered my plan (which, however, I know to be impossible,) they would most naturally have carried it out just as directed.

And now to be equally candid with you all through, please allow me to state briefly from this and more conclusive tests, how the matter stands in my mind.

First. That there is true phenomena in Spiritualism, is as capable of demonstration as any problem in Euclid. If any man doubts it let him come to me.

Second, When all the verified facts are separated from the deductions of their expounders, they form to my mind the only absolute demonstration of the fact that Jesus is the sinners’ only God and Savior.

This latter proposition you may not see as clearly as I think I do, but in the full belief that you are as honest in the search for truth in any shape, as myself, I remain,

Yours truly,

N. P. HARPER,  
434 N. Delaware Street,  
Indianapolis, Ind.

This case speaks for itself; I will however remark in commentation, that had the spirit invoked gone to the place named and communicated, it would have been an exceedingly strong case in view of the means taken by the party to preclude all possible collusion; but the fact of the spirit going to a place his son was perfectly ignorant of, with the invocation in the pocket of the son that no person living was cognizant of, carrying out the true object of the same in a better manner than the son had proposed, and answering it fully; by so doing completely precluding mundane, psychometric reading, or “mind sending,” which some exceedingly astute critics might suggest,—renders this manifestation one of the strongest, if not an unanswerable case, for our modest Mundanist to explain on a mundane basis.

The second case was given at the same place, on

Wednesday evening, February 15th, as follows:

“My name is Sarah Clegg. I have been trying for two years to get back so as to communicate with my son, Samuel; I have so much to say to him. Tell him I will meet him half way whenever he will grant me an opportunity. Tell him I did appear to my grandson. It was me; I showed myself to him but could not speak. It was in the night. My dear little grandson, Frankie, is now with me. Will you please send this to my son, Samuel Clegg, Dodgeville, Iowa Co., Wis.”

This message was duly forwarded as directed by this spirit, and in due course of time we received the following:

DODGEVILLE, IOWA CO., Wis., Feb. 22d, 1871.

MR. J. HARDY.

Dear Sir:—I have received your heavenly intelligence this day with the greatest joy and satisfaction, and in reply will say that the message purporting to come from my dear mother through Mrs. Hardy, at your circle, is strictly true.

My mother, Sarah Clegg, passed away September 14th, 1868, and about the 20th of August, 1869, 11 o’clock P. M., as my son Peter was travelling in Grant county, Wisconsin, on a moonlight night he heard, as he thought, approaching footsteps; on turning round he stood face to face with his grandmother. He recognized her at once distinctly; she was standing erect, with a shawl on her head, held together under her chin by her hand, as she used to do in life. She smiled and looked pleasant, but he could not speak to her. She then glided swiftly away, with a sound resembling the rustling of silk in the breeze. My son came back in three weeks and related this to me. On the 20th of October following my little boy Francis passed away. He was my pet, as well as his grandmother’s, and when he went all seemed to me a blank. I have had no rest, day nor night, since, till I received your glorious message. What a weight has been lifted from my burdened spirit, to know, as I now do, that my dear mother and little Frank not only live, but can come and communicate with the sorrowing ones here.

Put this in all the spiritual papers. I would not keep anything back that would assist in forwarding the great and glorious cause of establishing communion between the two worlds.

Yours truly,

SAMUEL CLEGG.

Now, then, who was it the grandson saw that moonlight night that he recognized as his grandmother? If, as many would say, it was hallucination, or, as Brother Loveland might aver, “it was her picture painted over the viewless air,” let them inform us who it was that, on the 15th of February past, spoke through Mrs. Hardy, an utter stranger, saying, “tell my son Samuel that it was truly his mother that showed herself to her grandson on that moonlight night. ‘I appeared to him, but could not speak. My little grandson Frankie is with me.’”

When this and a score of similar cases which I could offer are satisfactorily disposed of on a purely mundane basis, then it will be time to begin to think about repudiating mediumship; till then I must respectfully protest against repudiation.

Boston, Mass.

### Spiritual and Progressive Books.

BY G. W. W.

An article with the above heading appeared in the Feb. No. of the “American Booksellers’ Guide, from which we gain the following facts: The yearly sale of these books amounts to one hundred thousand volumes, one-half of which are bound volumes. We are informed that “the sale of these books is as steady as of books in any other department of the trade.”

Five thousand copies of Emma Hardinge’s “History of Modern American Spiritualism” have already been sold. The works of Andrew Jackson Davis, which are pronounced “philosophical, reformatory and polemic,” have an annual sale of twenty thousand volumes. “Each new book of Mr. Davis’s enjoys a sale of five thousand copies within the year of its publication, and after that the regular sale of each of his books is five thousands annually.” The works of Henry C. Wright and Warren Chase “rank next to those of Mr. Davis in importance and popularity.” The works of William Denton “are scientific in character,” and those of Hudson Tuttle “are philosophical.” There is still a regular sale for Owen’s “Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World.”

Thus our literature is challenging the attention of the thinking minds everywhere. The seed thus sown will blossom and bear golden fruit for the spiritualizing of earth’s surging millions.

We have quoted these statements for the purpose of showing the progress of our cause, as well as the views entertained of our literature by competent judges who are not believers in our philosophy.

## A United States God!

JESUS CHRIST FOR PRESIDENT—THE "GODLESS CONSTITUTION"—THE POLITICO-THEOLOGIC CONSPIRACY.

BY E. S. WHEELER.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."—Jefferson.

Their Convention at Philadelphia, Jan. 18th and 19th was not a triumphant success for those who desire the overthrow of religious liberty in this country. We present a few notes and remarks of the second day. To get started, at 10 A. M., Cook prayed; God being stirred up by this, and ready to keep an eye on operations, Rev Dr. J. H. Mellvaine of Philadelphia, offered the following as a substitute for the resolutions presented before, to be used in place of the present preamble to the Constitution of the United States:

We, the people of the United States acknowledging Almighty God as the ultimate source of all authority and power in civil government, and the moral laws of the Christian religion as of paramount authority, in order to secure a more perfect union, &c.

which was an improvement on the former resolution, which indicated God as the Creator, the Bible as law, and Jesus Christ as Ruler; consequently this substitute was not adopted.

Rev. Dr. Hodgkin of Pennsylvania, moved that a committee be named to procure a paper to be edited by some of the first minds of the country, to explain the doctrines of the society, and that said committee report at the next meeting.

Judge Hamilton of Pennsylvania, in a short speech stated that the movement was certain of success, for no man in Congress would dare vote against it, because he knew that should he do so he would never go back. We can accomplish and will accomplish the work, because the Lord God, the Ruler of the Nation, is on our side, and when the Christian people are aroused, no political party dare fight against them."

If any man in Congress dare vote in favor of this infamous folly and crime, we pledge him the contempt of every one of the progressive millions of America and a name which shall stink down the ages! We are in a hurry to see that paper! We want to see what somebody who has some "mind" can say in favor of this move toward the dark ages. Take your measures, ye "quondam friends of God;" lay your plans, utter your threats, and push the thing to an issue; when the matter comes to a point, we will give you such a back-fall, as will knock the breath out of the carcass of Ecclesiasticism.

Reverting to the former series of demands, the secretary read the first resolution, and the Rev. A. M. Milligan, of Pittsburg, arose and addressed the Convention:

He asked, why it is, that the nation which is the freest in the world, the most truly blessed in the world, has the most Godless Constitution of any in the world. God sifted Europe to plant these colonies, but now-a-days we are treated to emigrations of the most degraded of foreign lands, and there is poured into New York yearly, a mass of vice which would overwhelm us did we not happily possess our wonderful religious vitality, to counteract this terrible avalanche of evil. This is pre-eminently a Christian land, favored by God with blessings far above all others. Our Government owes its existence, prosperity and hopes to Almighty God, and by the invincible power of God this movement will march to sure success.

Milligan is familiar with God, and down on foreign ers. Italy and Spain are "Christian" lands; witness their degradation! "Our government" was planned and founded by "Infidels," by Thomas Paine, Jefferson, and their noble fellows. Milligan is as ignorant of history as destitute of common sense.

## THEOLOGY VERSUS LAW.

Judge Hamilton said: Mr. President—I rise to correct Mr. Milligan in an expression which I know, when I mention it, he will recall. He characterized the Constitution of the United States as a "godless" Constitution. Now, that is a most unfortunate expression. We are not here to war with the Constitution, because I believe, and every one here believes that God is in every feature of that glorious instrument. We do ourselves damage, Mr. President, when we complain of the Constitution. We ought to thank God for that instrument, which protects life, liberty and character.

Mr. Milligan—I said it was godless because God is not mentioned in it.

Judge Hamilton.—It is not godless on that account.

Gov. Pollock.—Gentlemen, I agree with Judge Hamilton. I am an American citizen, and never will subscribe to the doctrine that the Constitution of my country is godless. The book of Esther does not contain the name of God, but he is blind, indeed, who cannot see God in every line and letter of that book.

Judge Hamilton.—We do not read the name of God in the sky; we do not read the name of God in the stars, but God is surely there. He is in the Constitution, but what we want and what this Convention is called for, is an amendment recognizing what is there already. We want it to say that God is supreme, and Jesus, His Son, the Ruler of the world.

Gov. Pollock and Judge Hamilton may well be ashamed of the company they were in. This "tiff" was not the only trouble of the convention. There was a constant bickering between what seemed a moderate and an ultra party in the matter. The attendance was not large, but the annexed statement shows that these sectarians are doing more for this one thing than any organization of a national character among Spiritualists, for all purposes.

## THE SOCIETY'S EXPENSES, &amp;c.

Dr. Stevenson, from the Executive committee, then read its report, which states that there has been distributed 10,000 copies of the proceedings of the last Convention in Pittsburg.

The receipts during the past year amounted to \$1033.25. The expenditures have been \$375.70 for printing; \$200 for services of agents; \$136.33 expenses of the same; \$100 services of corresponding secretary; \$409 expenses of convention to date; total expenses \$1221.03.

Branch societies have been organized in Pittsburg, Newburg, New York, Philadelphia, and in other localities, in all about fifteen societies. The committee recommend in the report the employment of a competent person who will give his exclusive attention to the work of the society. The expenses for the present year will be naturally increased. The cost of dissemination of the proceedings of the present convention will be about \$1500. The report was adopted.

The movement has a great deal more strength than some are ready to allow; not from its merits of course, but because an arrogant set of fanatics have undertaken to demand it, with a threat of politicians, many of whom are base enough to betray the liberty of the country under their fear of opposition from Christians. In any case, we as Spiritualists cannot begin too soon, or do too much in opposition to such a movement.

## The Turk and the Supernatural.

The use of the term, "supernatural," as occasionally used by Spiritualists, is exceedingly questionable. Manifestations and occurrences may be superhuman, but not supernatural—that is, not out of or beyond nature and natural law. Phenomena, because beyond the comprehension, are not miraculous. The more advanced the mind, the less is there seen of the miracle. Immutable law underlies and spans all things. To an Indian, a locomotive is miraculous, and so of the recorded spiritual gifts and manifestations of Bible times to modern Christians. They ultimately, however, learn the folly of calling things miraculous because above present comprehension. The following from an English paper, shows how an uninformed Turk misled himself concerning photography. Whether imaginary or real, the lesson is the same. Here is the communication:

"The original of the following letter having been written in the choicest Arabic, we here present our readers with a translation. The letter is from Hadji Al Shacabac, a gentleman now in London, on business connected with the Turkish Loan, to Ali Mustapha Ben, chief of the College of Howling Dervishes at Constantinople:

"Sweet, O Ali! are the moments thus snatched from the hurry of existence, when in the silence of the night I take my quill to hold sweet communion with the friend of my youth. Allah is great; so now with sable fluid I tell thee, O Ali, of my fearful adventure with the wizards of the crystal cages, in this vast city of the infidels. May the graves of their fathers be eternally defiled!

"Thou hast heard of the wicked Magi, or worshippers of fire, whom our holy prophet kicked out from his vast dominions as he would unclean dogs. A remnant of these unbelieving curs exist here, within the walls of this unholy city, and

gain, it is said, immense sums by taking portraits by the aid of their incantations. Allah bismallah! It is said they bottle up sunbeams for this unholy purpose, and powerful and malignant genii are their chief abettors. The wizards, unlike those of yore who haunted the dark caverns of the earth, live in glass cages upon the housetops.

"I longed for my portrait to send to thee, O Ali, and the fourteen wives who mourn because of my absence in the land of the stranger; yet my infidel friend, Sammi Ben Jones, was long in overcoming my scruples against visiting these wizards in their crystal cages. However, by his advice, I walked along the street of Mi Lend, where many wizards, for the sum of sixpence in infidel money, exercise their unholy incantations. It was a fine morning. I walked along with the dignity remarkable to my family, dressed in my best pink breeches, yellow coat and scarlet turban, wondering whether I should have to pass through many difficulties before one of the wizards would allow me to enter his domicile. My fears were soon at rest. I was forcibly seized, O Ali, by six of the filthy emissaries of these magicians, who caught hold of my flowing robes, thrust gleaming squares of crystal beneath my very nose, each pulling me with all his force, and uttering curses in the barbarian tongue, against the others who sought to force me into their masters' abode. "Allah kerim!" I exclaimed, in fainting accents, "these dogs will murder me, and my bones will whiten in the land of the stranger." Suddenly a dragoman in blue came along the path, uttering the cabalistic word, "Moovon," which I entered afterwards in my notebook. At the sound of it, the miserably-clad ghouls each slunk into the entrance to his employer's den, and contented himself with verbal adjurations.

"I entered one abode which seemed less repulsive than the rest, and asked the imp at the door to admit me to the seer, his master. He shouted up stairs: "Ollo, cerz anothergui," which I was afterwards told by Sammi Ben Jones, means:—"Make ready, O master! the wise and noble hadji comes!" Having taken the fatal step into the dark archway, I must confess, O Ali, my frame shook with terror—my trembling knees refused their office. To propitiate the evil genii I took my shoes from off my feet at the entrance, and proceeded along the passage to a flight of stairs, where I prostrated myself, bowing three times towards Mecca. With faltering steps I trod the rickety stairs, and at last stood before the portal of the dread abode, on the panels of which were inscribed fearful cabalistic signs of mystic import, and in large red characters the name, "John Jones," which I believe was the name of the vile son of Jehanum himself.

"The door opened. The figure of the dread wizard, with a fiendish grin across his thin face, stood before my awe-struck gaze. Directly he saw me he opened his eyes and shouted, "Omosis!" Then he sank into a seat, his sides shaking with idiotic laughter. He motioned me to a seat in a chair with no bottom to it, and told me to gaze my hardest at a small picture nailed to the wall. O Ali! how shall I describe that picture? In our native land, nothing but the eyes of our houris are visible to the stranger; yet here the women run about wild without any keepers, and have even their necks bare. But the one in this picture, O Ali, stood in a barbarian theatre. She was dressed in gauze, and was spinning round on one leg, like your tame monkey, Korac, when in the height of his antics. "Allah akbar!" said I, "what can equal the wickedness of these Christian dogs? May their fathers' graves be forever defiled!" The wizard next fixed the back of my neck in an iron instrument, so that I could not turn away my gaze. "Staffir Allah!" I cried in agony, "the anguish of the bowstring cannot equal this. I choke! I expire! Shades of my fathers! the wretched Shacabac will soon die with the throes of suffocation, and go over the bridge Al Sirat into the paradise of the true believers!" I thought my last hour was nigh, especially as I saw the magician hide his head in a black curtain, as though he wished not to witness my agonies. He then retired to his secret den, O Ali, muttering accursed incantations, and came out with a small cabinet constructed of cedar, in which, no doubt, a wondrous talisman was concealed. He placed this in a kind of cannon, covered with a pall of funeral black, and then he pointed this direful weapon at my head. My hair stood on end, my eyes were dilated with terror, my parched tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. He uncovered the opening of the cannon. I sprang up with a shriek of terror, the iron instrument of torture still clinging to my neck, and with outstretched arms, implored Allah to forgive me for entering the unhallowed den of the wizard of the crystal cage. In this attitude did the evil genii take my portrait.

"The magician retired again to his den, where I heard the sound of running water; then he returned with a plate of crystal, and showing it to me, made signs of approval, uttering in a commendatory tone the words, "Tharz astunner!" But, O Ali, the picture of thy friend was ugly in the extreme. The aspect of abject fright was upon my countenance; stars were represented bursting above my head; a long-tailed comet streamed from my nose, whilst my body was spotted

all over, yea, even like unto that of the monkey Korac. No doubt the mighty power of the sun had copied the evil planetary influences which in that dreadful moment had threatened me, and were at the time invisible to mortal eye. I carefully tied the crystal tablet in my turban, handing sixpence to the wizard as I turned to leave, but with horrid threats he made me pay five shillings, after which I descended the stairs saddened in spirit. The imp at the door demanded a fee, upon which I called him the son of a burnt father, and made him a long speech in the Turkish tongue.

"O Ali! friend of my soul! the night wanes apace. Even as I write, the sun tinges with crimson and gold the light clouds of the east. The winds of heaven blow gently through my open window, and I think of the time when I journeyed with thee on the road to Ispahan, at the same silent hour. I like not the turmoil and noise of the busy city, and long for the time when we shall once more tread together the bowers of Al Kibar, and hear from thy learned lips the true doctrines of Islam. My mind is much disturbed by the invisible stars and comets that lurk around me, so on my return, we will lay my crystal portrait before our wisest astrologers, to learn what these mystic signs portend. Fare thee well, O Ali, friend of my bosom! Peace be unto thee and thine house! Mayest thou live long in the land of our fathers, and when thou art called to Paradise, mayest thou receive the richest fruits of the tree Juba, which produces pomegranates, grapes and dates of a taste unknown to mortals! AL SHACABAC."

### The Wilson-Braden Discussion.

AT LYCEUM HALL, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

E. V. WILSON, (Spiritualist,).....Affirmative.  
Rev. CLARK BRADEN, (Disciple,).....Negative.

Resolved, That the Bible, (King James' version,) sustains the teachings and phases of modern Spiritualism.

Board of Moderators selected were—For Wilson, A. A. Wheelock; for Braden, H. Detchon. Third man and Chairman, Mr. Stark.

All being in readiness, with the Hall about half full of people, on Tuesday evening, March 7th, at 8 o'clock, P. M., the Chairman called the meeting to order, and in a few happy remarks, referring to the importance of discussions being conducted in a fair and high-minded manner, introduced E. V. Wilson of Illinois, who would open the discussion upon the affirmative.

Mr. Wilson.—Gentlemen Moderators, Ladies and Gentlemen—In rising to open this discussion, I wish merely to state, that about one year ago, Rev. Clark Braden challenged me to discuss. I accepted. Cleveland was selected as the place. I now state what I understand this resolution to mean: 1st, King James's version; no other. 2d, That its teachings and instructions sustain modern Spiritualism. 3d, That I include in the teachings of Spiritualism, that spirits exist, and can, and do, under favorable conditions, communicate with the inhabitants of earth. Now I don't care a fig whether it be an evil or a good spirit. If the door is opened for one, it must be for both—hence, all classes and conditions of departed spirits communicate. Angels can't give us evidence that a human being "still lives," if their existence and life is separate from ours. Man alone can give proof to man that future existence is his. 4th, The phases of Spiritualism are included in the wonderful phenomena: seeing spirits, accurately describing them; hearing what they have to say, and thus identifying their existence—the healing of disease by spirit power. We form the basic line or earth battery of this power; spirits form the other. 5th, Prophecy, by which, to day, as in the past, through mediums, correct information of what is to transpire in the future, is given. Speaking by power of the spirit, and giving intelligence, as did Jesus to the woman at the well in Samaria, who testified: "Come see a man who told me all the things that ever I did." 6th, Spiritualism is unitarian, not trinitarian—has one God—the law—unchanging and unchangable. 7th, Spiritualism teaches that man possesses infinite possibilities—hence a germinal existence, and consequent development in harmony with nature and the infinite law of growth, which is "God manifest in the flesh." The fact that there are six or seven hundred different creeds, shows that no one possesses all knowledge. Did Jesus know all? Plainly he did

not, nor did he perform the wonderful things recorded of him, by his own power, for he distinctly said—"I do not these things of myself."

As to the generally admitted principles upon which the philosophy and teachings of modern Spiritualism rest, I here present the Constitution of the American Association of Spiritualists, adopted at their National Convention, held in Rochester, N. Y. I have yet to learn of any Spiritualist who does not adopt these statements in the main. Therefore, I have not only given my understanding of what the Resolution demands of us, in this discussion, but I have frankly and fairly presented my opponent with a definition of what modern Spiritualism is, and what it claims.

In this discussion I am required to stand by the Bible and Spiritualism—nothing less. It will be the duty of the Board of Moderators, through the Chairman, to call either me or my opponent to order, if we digress.

A law protecting fish and birds, is proof that they existed when the law was enacted, or the law would not have been. So the law of Moses, that prohibited communion with familiar spirits, proves that they were in the habit of holding communication with spirits, or it would not have been prohibited, and the fact that there was a law enacted against it, shows that it must have been a very common practice! [Mr. Wilson here read the case of Saul seeking an interview with the woman of Endor, and conversing with Samuel.] But why was this common practice of the people prohibited? Mr. Chairman, there were priests in those days, as well as now. The priests loved money then as well as now; besides they had unlimited power. Hence Moses determined that this communing with spirits should pay some revenue, *through his high priest, Aaron!* Any one could communicate with spirits, or with gods, or with the God of gods, provided they did so *through Aaron the Priest, and paid for it!* But not without. Therefore, the decree or command of Moses, not to have anything to do with "familiar spirits," as those were contemptuously designated who were controlled like the woman of Endor. A corrupt priesthood made merchandise out of spirit communion, and legislated to give themselves absolute control and all benefits. So it is to-day—the Catholic and Protestant priests try to control this matter—but they cannot do it. They tell us we can talk with God, which is even "very God," if we will do so through the minister and the church, by paying well for the same. But fortunately, now, priestcraft has not the control of men in this free land. Hence, our fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, blest guardian spirits of our earthly pilgrimage, come to cheer and comfort us, through a constantly increasing mediumship, whenever conditions make it possible.

REV. MR. BRADEN'S REPLY.

Mr. Braden.—Gentlemen Moderators—Ladies and Gentlemen—In responding upon the negative of this question, I accept Mr. Wilson's definition of Spiritualism. I am also willing to admit that the spirits of the "sainted dead" exist—both good and bad spirits—but it does not follow, therefore, that I admit Spiritualism to be true. I object to this claim—1st, Because Spiritualism is vague. 2d, It is contradictory—Spiritualists are hypocritical—they say they believe the Bible, and then deny and throw away as useless all that does not suit their peculiar notions. Next, Spiritualism has no recognized system. There is such difference of opinion and teaching. Have known one Spiritualist who discarded A. J. Davis' teachings as being only "Harmonial Philosophy," while others accept it. Spiritualists say to us, "Come up higher." What are your principles? What are the planks in your platform?—so we can know upon what we are invited to stand. There are but two classes of evidence that can be introduced here—historic and legal. All historic evi-

dence must be shown to be reliable, to have any weight. Evidence in regard to phenomena of modern Spiritualism, must be subjected to the same test of cross-questioning, as any case in a court of law. I shall object to all hearsay—newspaper reports, etc. Next, Mr. Wilson must show that this phenomena is peculiar to Spiritualism. All he has presented can be paralleled outside of it. Suppose tables do move, and persons speak eloquently, not knowing what they say. What proof have you that spirits do it? It does not follow that because the spirit of God, or angels, produced spiritual phenomena, spirits of the departed do so. I do not deny the spiritualistic phenomena of the Bible, but intend to show that the Bible condemns modern Spiritualistic phenomena, as a most heinous crime! My opponent must not take a part of what the Bible says, or any other witness, and throw away the rest.

Our tendency as a people, is to materialism! We understand that spirit and matter are distinct—that matter controls and modifies the action of spirit.

WILSON'S 2D SPEECH.

Mr. Wilson—My opponent concedes that spirits of the sainted dead exist. How does he know?

Mr. Braden.—The Bible says so.

Mr. Wilson.—That is just what I prove by the Bible. I thank the gentleman for his testimony with the rest. He says—"The age tends to materialism." What a comment on six hundred different creeds, and the zealous, laborious efforts of Christians! What confession could my opponent make, himself a Christian minister, showing more fully the utter worthlessness of creeds, and the certain failure of modern Christianity? The fact is, hundreds and thousands are driven out of the church, in search of spirit communion, and finding it, they become Spiritualists. My opponent claims our phenomena are explained by psychology. Can matter psychologize matter or spirit? No! only can spirit psychologize spirit, thus controlling matter. Psychology is a means used by the spirit, whether in the earthly or spirit body, to manifest its power. Mr. Braden says the Bible proves that "creation has ceased." Where does he find that? Will he tell us? I think my friend proves to the contrary of this by saying—"Animals of a certain kind once lived, but gave place to others," proving that existence continues instead of ceasing, and hence the creative law must be in force now, as much as ever, and will forever continue. In Corinthians we read that "the prophets are subject to the spirits of the prophets." Is not this the law of mediumship to-day? When a medium becomes entranced, or is under psychological control, are they not subject to the spirit controlling? My opponent objects to introducing "reports of papers," and then refers to Spiritualist papers to disprove Spiritualism! Is he not impeaching his own witness? He says we must accept the whole Bible. I do—and believe more of it than any minister in Cleveland—Braden not excepted. Ministers will not take the spiritual testimony of the Bible—that's the trouble—for the moment they do, modern Spiritualism is affirmed! He says I should define what Spiritualism is. For the third time I do—the communion with the "sainted dead," which the gentleman says exist.

BRADEN'S 2D SPEECH.

Mr. Braden.—I want Mr. Wilson to present his evidence in such a way that I can get at it. I want to question his witnesses. I demand that he submit such testimony to legal tests—I must have the privilege of "cross-questioning" the witnesses. I deny that the spirit of Samuel appeared—the Bible does not say so. "A counterfeit prove a genuine"—I deny it. A quack doctor claimed to have discovered a panacea for every human ill. Did he succeed? No! Did his quack pretensions prove a genuine? Far from it. It has not been found. Who did he imitate? Does the Bible prove that spirits communicate now? That's the question. Now I call upon Mr. Wilson to prove—1st, That the phenomena he claims exist. 2d, That spirits produce them. 3d, How do you know they do? Here is the weakness of my opponent's claim. I know just where to touch the weak points of this system—between the "joints of the harness." [To be continued.] A. A. W.

# THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST

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A. A. WHEELLOCK, MANAGING EDITOR.

Spirit is causation.—"The spirit giveth life."—Paul.

"RESOLVED, That we are Spiritualists, \* \* \* and that any other prefix or suffix is calculated only to retard and injure us."

**Understand It.**—All business transactions relating to THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, and all moneys for subscriptions, advertisements, etc., should be sent to A. A. Wheellock, the Managing Editor. J. M. P.

## Love, Its Nature and Power.

The spiritual instincts are God-implemented and form the substratum of our likes and dislikes. Among these are love and sympathy. Rightly used, they minister at the altar of human good, and accordingly, should be cultivated and trusted. Originating in and rising from the soul's depths they are pure; and when acting in concert with reason they are reliable guides. It is sweet to trust.

All true love is reciprocal, and should never be confounded with passion or psychological influence. There may be cases when we perceive great beauty, and power in those above us. In these instances, we love from aspirations. Only selfishness would presume to drag their affections down to us. They feed and fill our souls; but we can neither fill nor satisfy their great natures. Still, the law of reciprocity holds good. We attract them just according to what is in us, precisely as the minutest atom of steel, which flies to the magnet, also attracts the magnet. Genuine love seeks the highest happiness of the being loved. Just so far as it would hold, cramp or appropriate, does it become selfish, and selfishness stimulates gratification, and gratification leads to death.

God is love, and this love finds its crowning delight in eternally giving and never receiving for selfish ends. Its reflex action is spontaneous. To die for a friend is no marvel—to die for one's enemies as did Jesus, was noble and divine; but to live for one's enemies—live to benefit and bless them, is the loftiest attainable height of human perfection.

"This is the love that the seraph choirs  
Are now hymning through the stars,  
And we catch the strain from their golden lyres,  
When our souls let down their bars."

"Starving souls," cannot find supplies on the earthly plane. Physical commerce, besides leaving a moral sting to torture, fails to satisfy the spiritual wants. That which is "born of flesh is flesh," say the scriptures. It breeds, sicken, dies and rots with the body. The mental effects linger in the after life. All the primal forces of the soul are divine; the wrong comes from their misdirections through ill-adjusted organizations—transgressions from the ignorant or the wilful abuse of the good.

The love principle is the most potent redemptive force in the universe. It works by an infinitude of methods, but always to beautify and bless. Wielded by the good Quaker Penn, it tamed the Indian soul, and toned it to throb in kindness. Administered by the benignant Howard, it made dingy prisons in Europe, schools of reform. Breathed by the great-hearted Oberlin, it transformed many by- corners of pollution in the old world, into blooming gardens. Whispered by the womanly Elizabeth Fry, it filled those dungeoned in houses of refuge and asylums

of outcasts, with higher thoughts and purer ideals. Enunciated by Jesus and Ann Lee, John the Apostle and Eliza W. Farnham, it has touched the souls of millions, and inspired them to live pure, loving and self-sacrificing lives. It is the mightiest saving power in the universe, and just in the ratio of the souls divine unfoldment does love become pure, philosophic and universal. Oh, for an angel's voice to sing the song of love—heart-love—heavenly! When love reigns in the home-circle, jealousy never enters: when love and justice are admitted into the Marble Halls of Presidents and the Council Chambers of crowned heads, the war spirit will be hushed into deathly stillness, and when the world's teachers everywhere become imbued with and baptized into the principles of love and wisdom, the Eden of prophets and poets will gladden the earth—gladden it with that peace which "passeth understanding."

## The Liberal Christian.

The above named journal has of late become quite patronizing of Spiritualism. It is rather wonderful to notice the change that has taken place in its method of treating that subject. It informs its readers that it intends to "refer to it, from time to time, as one of the 'religious movements' of the age in which we live." It would be difficult to crowd into one sentence a greater amount of ignorance and mis-statement of the character and aim of Spiritualism than is contained in the above quotation. Indocinated into the shows of Churchianity, the sapient reviewer of the *Liberal Christian* finds in Spiritualism only another of the thousand sects which he hopes to see "organized" and enter as its "cycle of movements!" He considers the high estimate of the number of Spiritualists made by Judge Edmunds as "absurd," and says the "only people worth counting" are such as belong to and identify themselves with organized movements. He presents a most pitiable example of the dwarfing tendencies of the most liberal theology. Spiritualism, with its broad, deep basis of facts, and its philosophy reaching into the heavens, is only a new "religious movement"—one of countless others—which demented priests are to allow a place in the ranks of other sects!

Gaining a glimpse of its power, they deign to speak condescendingly, and now and then praise. What ten years ago was of the Devil, is now a "religious movement!" A graet transition made under the pressure of dire necessity!

If its wise editor would look deeper, he would find that some of the most zealous missionaries in the cause still adhere to the churches, and within those organizations are working for the extension of the foundation of the cause—the belief that spirits can return and communicate. Although they have not "identified" themselves in any "practical" way with the great body of Spiritualists, they are virtually members, and openly joining an organization might tend to curtail their usefulness. In this manner Spiritualists are to be found in numbers in all the churches, the disintegrating element everywhere prevalent, abiding the time when organized effort becomes practical. The advice of the *Liberal Christian* is undoubtedly well meant, that we organize and enter the "cycle of movements," whatever that "cycle" may be; that we draw close party lines and make distinctions, and drive boundary stakes. An established clergy, well paid, and infallible circles, we presume would also be recommended. As Spiritualists, we would inform the world that we do not desire to make such distinctions. Our philosophy, at present, is the lever in the mass of the world's sects. The heavenly shower has fallen on all, and we do not choose to build dams to compel the flood to turn our petty mill, while it is capable of turning those of the whole world. You might as well suppose the vast floods of Niagara were wasted unless a few drops of its waters were turning the wheels of

some *Parvanu's* factory.

Our organizations represent a moiety of our strength, and at best can only be regarded as initiatory steps. With a knowledge of the disintegration effected by Spiritualism in all the churches, to declaim that its silent workers in their ranks count for nothing, betrays a pitiable ignorance or knowing deception. We repudiate the statement that its course is parallel with Churchianity, or affiliates with it in any manner, and scorn this Judas' kiss, which would flatter to betray.

H. T.

## The 31st of March.

By notice in this column it will be seen that the Milan Lyceum propose to have exercises commemorative of this day, the annual anniversary of the advent of modern spiritualism. Twenty-three years ago the 31st of this month the world was "startled by a singularly strange phenomenon. A little "Rap," in the village of Hydesville, N. Y., designated and generally known, because the Fox family, with whom the manifestations first occurred, moved to Rochester, as the "Rochester Rappings."

No other sound that ever greeted the ear of mortals was so pregnant with untold knowledge and blessings as this tiny Rap! It was the first telegraphic signal by which communications with the world of spirits was opened and by increased facilities, and a constantly enlarging mediumship is continued and largely augmented, so that thousands upon thousands hold sweet converse with the "dear departed" to day, who knew nothing of such a possibility or glorious privilege twenty-three years ago!

When we consider the philosophy and language of a "Rap,"—evidently to startle, to awaken, to cause recognition—as well as the intelligence that accompanies it, we may well characterize it as the positive demonstration in the known experience of humanity "which brought immortality to light!"

Up to this time there was an inexpressible gloominess to the grave, and a fearful blackness to every pall, whose dreaded folds covered the silent bier of the dead. It is not so now, at least to the intelligent Spiritualist. Death has lost its sting, and the dark and silent grave its victory!

Considering, then, the wealth of our sublime philosophy—the intelligence developed and knowledge gained—the illuminating light of that spiritual science which casts its effulgent rays over all the earth—the continued and increasing demonstrations of spirit power on every hand—the steady growth and progress in the direction of the ultimate triumph that spiritualism is surely making, the first outward demonstration of which, we must ever recognize this tiny "Rap," is quite enough to cause every one who can in the least appreciate what is herein involved, to aid and assist by every reasonable means, to make this day FOREVER MEMORABLE!

It is quite important that we should clearly impress the mind of childhood with this idea. To this end we earnestly entreat all Lyceums and Societies everywhere in some manner to publicly commemorate, annually, the THIRTY-FIRST OF MARCH; and we would suggest that the different Lyceums could, without trouble or inconvenience, have such exercises on the Sunday following this day, making it a universal and general practice, which would go far in establishing it in the minds of Lyceum children, as a day and an event to be forever remembered.

A. A. W.

## The Milan Lyceum and Society.

Will celebrate the Twenty-Third Anniversary of the advent of Spiritualism, April 2nd. In addition to the regular Lyceum Session on that day, there will be declamations on subjects appropriate to the occasion; discussion of the question: "What good has and may Spiritualism accomplish?"; remarks by members, and a Lecture by Hudson Tuttle, on "Spiritualism; its Past, and its Future." A. A. W.

## The Year Book of Spiritualism.

## EDITORIAL CIRCULAR.

Our initial volume for 1871, presenting, so far as possible, the general status of Spiritualism for the year, has met with unexpected success. The public mind was ripe for the book. That it has been criticised both justly and unjustly, is true; and yet, it has met with a very cordial acceptance in this country and Europe. The sales have been extensive.

While we shall retain in the next volume the general features of the first, we shall endeavor to make it more comprehensive and superior in every way. We have secured able biographical sketches of several of the most conspicuous of the early receivers of Spiritualism—such as Robert Hare, Robert Owen, John Pierpont, and others. The memory of these Fathers should be preserved, together with the striking evidences by which they were convinced of Spiritualism.

We shall greatly enlarge our record of facts, as they are the basis of our philosophy, and of universal interest. Essays on subjects pertaining to Spiritualism have been promised by the best thinkers in our ranks in Europe and America; so that this department will equal the high standard of excellence attained in the first volume. One of the Editors intends visiting England the ensuing summer for the express purpose of gathering material for the European department.

Friends—The volume for 1871 presents you with the results of last year's work. By it you see what are the demands for the Year Book of 1872. This important work is not ours, but *yours*; therefore we ask—plead for your assistance. In order to make the Year Book as complete as possible, we address this Circular personally to every Spiritualist in the world, requesting them individually to assist us in perfecting our task, that it may be a correct representation of the present status of Spiritualism. We especially desire all mediums to write us, stating the character of their mediumship, facts, &c., and to hear from all public lecturers, and from any one who is interested in the advancement of the cause.

All correspondence or books for review, in this country, should be addressed to Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio. All correspondence from England or the Old world, should be addressed to J. M. Peebles, Cleveland, Ohio.

Spiritualist journals, in this country and in Europe, please copy.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

J. M. PEEBLES.

## Ministerial Crumbs!

Rev. Mr. Tallmage, in his "Crumbs Swept Up," gives out this new interpretation of Balaam's Ass: "The probability is that the animal had originally been endowed with powers of vocalization, but being of a lethargic temperament, had never until that day found sufficient inducement to express himself; the probability being that this animal always retained the faculty of speech, was married, and that he has a long line of descendants, who still, like the one in the scriptures, are disposed to criticize ministers."

The stupidity of some ministers is only equalled by their brazen impudence and bigotry. If the Rev. Tallmadge had looked a little closer among his "Crumbs Swept Up," he would have discovered that the animal referred to spoke by the power of the minister's God—the same power, they claim, by which they speak; hence, there must be some close relationship between minister and Ass in this respect. Besides, there is evidence that if "this animal always retained the faculty of speech, was married, and that he has a long line of descendants," these "descendants" must be ministers, not only from the ministerial claim that the same infinite power made both, and controlled both to speak, but from the undeniable fact that most of ministers and the animal referred to make the same kind of a noise! *Bray on, brethren!*

A. A. W.

## A Pope's Wisdom.

The present Pope is certainly a foolish old person. No such intolerable folly has ever before been exhibited by any "Vicar of Christ" since the Urban family urbanely pulled the thumbs of their subjects to make them good. Here Victor Emmanuel offers Pius \$645,000 a year for pin money, and an inviolable castle—all the honors and none of the perplexities of a king—and the apochryphal descendant of St. Peter haughtily declines the favor. Unless the cable lies—which perhaps it does. But if it does not, Pope Pius refuses protection under circumstances that would appal the stoutest hearted free trader that ever ran a tilt against pig iron.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

So the Pope is haughty and turns up his nose at \$645,000 Italian money! What a fine thing it would be for the poor Catholics of this country if he would turn up his royal Popish nose in saintly disgust at American Greenbacks! But no! The vicegerent of God has an "itching palm" for these! Hence, thousands upon thousands of dollars are wrung from poor Catholics in this country and sent to "His Holiness" to support his "Infallibility" in elegant idleness!

Although this may be to the poor, duped, bigoted followers and supporters of the Holy Catholic Church, a part of their religion, we fail to see how the learned Bishop of Baltimore could justify himself in such "solid lying" as he is reported in accomplishing, by saying that the "Pope had been turned out of house and home—like Christ, had not where to lay his head—and was really in great need of more greenbacks," and that too in the face of the Pope's refusal to accept \$645,000 a year from Victor Emmanuel! Oh, this priestly lying in the interest of creed and church; when will it cease? Or when will it be despised, instead of venerated? A. A. W.

## A Daisy in Winter.

Who has not heard of "Walnut Grove Farm," the happy home of Hudson and Emma Tuttle, where philosophy from one and poetry from the other, like music from the birds in spring, make harmony all the year round.

To those who do not know, let us whisper gently, that this quiet seclusion is not a literary castle, where only "knights of the quill" hold converse.

Flowers bloom there. Aye, human flowers. Rosa and Carl, two precious buds of promise are unfolding in this love garden of human life—Hudson and Emma's home; and recently there came with the snow flakes of winter, a pure white daisy, to be a new inmate of the home circle—a blue-eyed baby girl, who found such loving hearts to welcome her, she can never regret her coming. If I was a poet like Emma, I would write a beautiful poem to the little Aggie, as she did, when the idol of our household, darling baby Helen came to us. But though confined to dull prose, I must congratulate our dear friends, on the happiness which I know is theirs, and I am sure Hudson will not take exception, if I suggest to him, that this is a manifestation of the "God-Idea" quite superior to all his excellent writings on that subject.

Mrs. A. A. WHEBLOCK.

## The Majesty of Law Vindicated.

Chicago ahead! Its piety and virtue displayed! The police on the rampage! What's the matter? Oh, the Young Men's Christian Association and those who "stand up for Jesus" must have a demonstration against Spiritualism. Too cowardly to meet in open, fair discussion, this Christian element sneaks behind a claim of law, and sets the virtuous police (!) of Chicago, like a pack of hounds, upon the track of unoffending and inoffensive mediums! The police proved good dogs—good smellers. What the result? Arrest and trial before the August Police Court. George A. Shufeldt, Esq., a talented attorney, volunteered his services in defense of the accused mediums. As Pilate declared of the great medium,

Jesus, in the past—"I find no fault in this man"—so decided this police judge of these mediums, and they were all discharged! So the law had not been violated, only the pious indignation of a few Christians stirred up! Another profound reason why their God, Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost should be put in the constitution at once. Until then, farewell to Christian racks, thumb screws, and tortures for mediums! Whether the Christian's God can wait for that "good time coming" we know not, but the Christians will have to, so they might as well continue to amuse themselves and while away their time by "shouting for Jesus." Exit, Chicago Police! Thy occupation, as medium hunters, is gone!

A. A. W.

## The Golden Age.

This is the significant title of a new weekly that comes into existence, born of the harmonious (?) differences not long since manifest in the fact that Mr. Henry C. Bowen, owner and publisher of "The Independent" could no longer stand the Radical utterances of Theodore Tilton, the fearless, outspoken, and certainly the most capable editor that paper had ever known.

Disguise it as they may, this the people well understand to be the real cause why Mr. Tilton could no longer remain in a position which constantly threatened, if no more, an unmanly trammelling of his thought.

Perhaps no journal ever published in this country had a stronger hold upon the mass of intelligent readers and a wider influence, socially and politically, than did the "Independent" when this rupture came. What gave it this immense popularity? There can be but one truthful answer. It was the broad comprehensiveness, the unquestioned integrity, the manifest capacity, and bold, sharp, incisive utterances from the trenchant pen of its editor, Theodore Tilton.

Mr. Bowen confesses that there was no manifest permanent prosperity with the "Independent," until Mr. Tilton became its editor.

Hence, when Mr. Bowen listened to the demand of conservatism, clothed with a long array of D. D.'s and L. L. D.'s, now filling its columns with long-drawn-out disquisitions upon the dead theology of the dead past, in the place of the crisp, lively, soul-stirring utterances of Mr. Tilton, upon living questions in the present; in our opinion, the "Independent" then commenced to die.

The moment we saw the issue was made, although a regular reader of the "Independent," we said to ourself, so loud that our wife heard us—"I hope Theodore Tilton will start a paper of his own."

Our hope is realized. Theodore Tilton's paper has come—it was a golden hope—the paper is golden—its name most fitting—"The Golden Age"—for it will bear to thousands of hungry readers the golden thoughts of the great soul who edits, directs and inspires it with life, as well as from other minds, free and untrammelled, who are fully alive to the needs of a progressive humanity, and the means required to bring the triumphs of a golden harvest in the future!

The very soul of this golden enterprise has been compressed in these few beautiful lines by Freedom's Poet, John G. Whittier, in writing his prelude to "Among the Hills," wherein the poet became a prophet.

"O Golden Age, whose light is of the dawn,  
And not of sunset, forward, not behind,  
Flood the new heavens and earth, and with thee bring  
All the old virtues, whatsoever things  
Are pure and honest and of good repute.

Let common need, the brotherhood of prayer,  
The heirship of an unknown destiny,  
The unsolved mystery round about us make  
A man more precious than the gold of Ophir—  
Sacred, inviolate, unto whom all things  
Should minister, as outward types and signs  
Of eternal beauty which fulfils  
The one great purpose of creation, Love!  
The sole necessity of earth and heaven."

We earnestly hope the readers of this journal may be numbered by thousands.

A. A. W.

**We All Might Do Good.**

We all might do good

Where we often do ill;

There is always the way.

If there be but the will.

Though it be but a word.

Kindly breathed or suppressed,

It may guard off some pain.

Or give peace to some breast.

We all might do good

In a thousand small ways,

In forbearing to flatter,

Yet yielding due praise;

In spurring all ruder,

Reproving wrong done,

And treating but kindly

The hearts we have won.

We all might do good,

Whether lowly or great,

For the deed is not gauged

By the purse or estate;

If it be but a cup

Of cold water that's given,

Like the widow's two mites,

It is something for Heaven.

**Editorial Correspondence.**

So pressed for time were we, with constant travel, and lecturing almost every evening, besides twice each Sunday, together with a burden of correspondence and other business matters claiming our attention, during our recent two months' trip through the State of Wisconsin, that we could not write up a history of our trip, which we are aware our readers will feel interested in, as by this means they can become informed of the actual condition of things outside of their locality or State.

Although we may touch upon, and even "cross the track" of our excellent Bro. Cephas B. Lynn, who presents such fine "Western Locals" in the *Banner*, still, Cephas well understands that we have no intention of "running opposition" to him; and yet our readers may find a "local" or two, before they have done with this correspondence.

Speaking of "opposition," we think we hear (?) Cephas smile!—think we hear him soliloquize "thusly:"—"Opposition!—if A. A. Wheelock don't 'fat on it,' I should like to know the man who does!" Just so, Cephas, if it's the right kind of opposition, and we can see that good is to come out of it. We had rather see the "pot boil," than to watch it simmer away, and never agitation enough to throw the scum off. Anything but a "dead calm"—we abhor it, as nature does a vacuum. We love friendly opposition—for instance, when Bros Lynn, Barrett and ourself are holding a meeting, (and we have had some glorious ones,) and there is a strong tendency in the direction of too much emotionalism, largely predominating in the fine grained organisms and noble, sympathizing natures of our brothers, which if unduly exercised, never admits of a corresponding strength of reason to balance it, we rather like to cast in a small-sized thunderbolt of "opposition"—just enough to see these two brothers ruffle up their backs, "like two kittens" when some prowling "Tiger" is about. True, we are a disturber of the peace! But then, it does them good to "purr" for an hour or two; and from all we could observe, we rather thought they enjoyed it when they got a little used to it. Our first meeting in the State, was at

DARIEN, WISCONSIN,

which was greatly enjoyed by all who were privileged to participate. J. O. Barrett, State Missionary, Cephas B. Lynn, E. W. Stephens, and Father Baker, were among the speakers we had the pleasure of meeting and laboring with here. We made the acquaintance of many earnest Spiritualists at this meeting—not only those generous and hospitable souls living in Darien, but many from a distance of forty and fifty miles, of whom we learned that there was a steady and constant advance of Spiritualist ideas in the immediate neighborhood of each.

The meeting held with unabated interest, over three days, with constantly increasing numbers, and was a great success.

Bro. Cephas B. Lynn sustained his well-deserved reputation as a speaker, at this meeting, by the words of wisdom, angel directed, which fell from his lips. His addresses gave universal satisfaction, impressing the large audiences most favorably, and especially the young, as his appeals were full of earnest, tender sympathy. The remarks of Bro. Barrett, at this gathering, were exceedingly happy. We never heard him with more pleasure. This is a man of true courage! We wondered, while we admired the heroism of his heart. Struggling against such fearful odds, he works night and day to carry the "missionary work" forward to success. We know what that means—ceaseless toil in place of rest—a beggarly support from those who ought to give liberally—want of appreciation as to the magnitude of the work done—grumbling and fault-finding without end—more thorns than roses—and yet the "Missionary" toils on! Well, angels attend! By and by, Bro. Barrett, there will be crowns. E. W. Stevens, of Janesville, Wis., who has recently entered the lecturing field, has fine inspirations, and gave evidence, in the deep and philosophical discourses presented, of one "born out of due time," who will be able to do great good in our cause. May he have strength equal to his noble aspirations.

Here, for the first time, we met our venerable Father Baker, who was, before his health failed, one of the Editors of this Journal. Our soul was made glad to have the privilege of taking this faithful "Father of our Zion" by the hand. We shall never forget his request, at the close of the meeting, that the choir would sing—"Beyond the River"—and when the "boatman pale" shall call for him, as soon he will, we pray for the return of his noble, pure spirit, to fall upon us like a mantle.

During the exercises, it was our mission to stir up a little agitation. A Universalist brother declaring in conference, "that to him, Spiritualism was Universalism gone to seed—that he had heard the same teaching in Universalist churches forty years ago"—led us to inquire how this diluted, skim-milk representation of genuine orthodoxy—Universalism—could go to seed—and where the church, and who the minister, that taught Spiritualism forty years ago. A few such unanswerable questions, and a searching inquiry regarding "the difference between Christianity and Spiritualism," which was the subject of one of our evening discourses, set some of our orthodox hearers so fully on fire that they deemed it prudent to rush out of the Hall into the cool air, for the purpose, we suppose, of cooling off. We concluded that both the fire and the cooling had done their work, for we noticed them all back the next evening, patiently, and with evident interest, listening to our elaboration that "Spiritualism was necessarily both destructive and constructive." It was a grand meeting, and I shall long remember those earnest souls who gathered there, from far and near, aiding by their presence to make it a success.

Our stay was at the pleasant home of Bro. J. J. Johnson, where comfort and happiness were found, and an earnest heart-welcome, that will a ways make a wandering spiritual pilgrim rejoice. A. A. W.

To be continued.

**Fraternal—Very!**

BY J. O. B.

The editor of the *New Covenant*, which is a refined quintessence of orthodoxy revamped, thus speaks of the *Examiner*:

"The vile compost of audacity, profanity and folly that the editor, Rev. E. C. Towne, furnishes to the public, under the name of 'Free Religion,' or 'Radical Christianity,' can be ascertained from the following specimen shovelful—p. 211: 'Jesus was not the original author of anything contained in the Sermon on the Mount. As a distinguished Hebraist of our time has said, that discourse was perfectly familiar in the streets of Jerusalem, before it was delivered by Jesus; and both the truth of it and its spirit may be referred to the truly

great Hillel, much more justly than to the great master who was but a pupil and a child, when a rash ambition cost him his life.' (!) Think of the unscrupulousness that allows a man to say what Hillel taught, when the merest traditions of him survive; and that permits a writer to rob Jesus of his divine originality, and to tell us what was the street talk of Jerusalem. What does he or any one know of what was familiar in Jerusalem at the time of Christ?"

The so-called "Golden Rule," and every other great principle, axiomatic in spirit and interior in moral force, were taught before the appearance of the Judean Spiritualist. What oriental scholar does not know it? If the *Covenant* denies this, it either betrays a lamentable ignorance or a perverse bigotry—both common to priests of every name. It is far more honorable and just to the Nazarene, to criticize him, and test his worth, than this universal adulation of the churches. Sensible men despise flattery. Truth is discoverable in all ages. Minds far apart as the continents may think alike as to principles. The ascended seers and sages of the past impress their own truths upon the media of the succeeding generations. Nothing is original in the absolute. The Nazarene, as a beautiful Spiritualist, reflected the thought of the heavens. That is a very little mind that ties up to any other as finality. Who is not heartily sick of this sycophantism of Christians, this everlasting parroting? Why not a gospel according to the Marys, and Josephs, and Olives, and Theodores of to-day, as well as to Matthew, and Mark, and Luke, and John?

**Can Spirits Pass to Other Globes?**

There is no abler exponent of the Spiritual philosophy living, than Hudson Tuttle. His late work, "The Arcana of Spiritualism," to a Spiritualist, or an investigator of the subject, is far the most interesting and attractive of his volumes. It is often asked, Can spirits pass through the various atmospheric and ether strata, to other planets and worlds? Mr. Tuttle rightly says:

"This depends on their degree of refinement. While some are very pure and ethereal, others are gross and unrefined. The sensualist, the depraved debauchee, in many instances are so gross that gravity chains them to the earth's surface as it does man. They are denser than the spirit ether, and hence have weight, and cannot rise from the earth. Others who are more spiritual, can only rise to the first sphere; while others, still more refined, pass at will through the universal ocean of ether, visiting other globes and other solar systems. The degree of purity or spirituality determines whether or no the spirit shall be chained to earth, or all wed freedom to travel the ocean of space."

Good reader, does "The Arcana of Spiritualism" grace the shelves of your library? If not, procure it at once.

**The Unchurched Black Boy.**

BY J. O. B.

Glancing into a paper the other day, my eye fell on the following, written, I think, by Edward McGraw of Plymouth, Wis. and published in the Sheboygan "Times." That is the story of church charity everywhere. Send in the facts, brothers and sisters, and let us expose this religious cant! this vile self-righteousness which is too clean to harbor a wandering negro boy!

"Plymouth was quite excited a few days since by the appearance of a 'nigger' in our midst. One of our citizens brought him here intending to make him useful, but his lady protested, very positively, against having a 'nigger' in the house. Then he was turned out, at night fall, to wander about the streets. He was a mere child, not more than ten or twelve years of age, yet he found no heart to pity him—no hand to succor. In this situation he was forced to dance for our citizens, to get money to pay for his lodging and supper.

We are a Christian people in Plymouth. We have schools, where they sing 'Stand up for Jesus,' and churches where they sing, 'There is a Fountain filled with Blood,' and yet this little one of whom this same Jesus said, 'suffer him to come unto me'—for whom, we assert, he poured forth this fountain of

blood—was hooted and chased about the village by the pupils of our schools, and members of churches looked on and laughed. No kind word greeted the black child; no smile, save the smile of derision, fell upon his precociously penetrating eye. He was a stranger, and we took him not in; he was hungry, and we fed him not; he was ragged, and we clothed him not; vicious, and we strove not to make him better. When asked why he wandered, he replied, "In the South they hate me because I am free, and they hate me here because I am black. I do not know where to go." And thus the black child left us—further estranged from God; more at enmity with man, and better prepared for crime than when he came among us."

**DIDN'T LIKE THE SINGING.**—A certain clergyman of Vermont, a few years since visited New York, and was invited to fill a city pulpit. He had never the privilege of listening to a church organ, and was totally unacquainted with the fashion of hiring a few vocalists to do the singing for the congregation. Giving out his first hymn, the organist played a fancy prelude, and in the highest style of the art choir rendered the four verses. Addressing the throne of grace in a fervent invocation which stamped him as a man of intellect and power with his audience, he coolly re-opened the hymn book, and turning to a page, exclaimed: "The audience will now join with me in singing a good old Methodist hymn, and those persons running that bag of wind in the gallery will please not interrupt."

Western pietists and servants of God have discovered a new way of promulgating their peculiar views. They have entered into an understanding with the millers and flour sack makers, and have little godly tracts and kindly invitations to prayer meetings printed on the sacks. The flour thus blessed has been called by the irreverent, "religious meal." It is thus that on every hand, these self-constituted "soul-savers" thrust their doctrines into the faces of those who do not receive them, and plume themselves on their violence of every rule of ordinary politeness and decency.

#### Correspondence.

The following letters speak for themselves:

CLEVELAND, O., March 6, 1871.

**Dear Brother Davis:**—I am about to enter into a discussion with Prof. Braden of Carbondale, Ill., and I am informed that he expects to make much capital out of your "Recantation," by our "anti sensation" friend, the English Powel, of *Spiritual Monthly* notoriety.

I have but little personal acquaintance with you, and yet have read your works with interest and profit to myself, and I confess I cannot see the "Recantation." Will you oblige me by answering the following questions. You will understand I expect to use them. I shall not be offended if you refuse to answer them. I shall be more than pleased if you do answer. My discussion commences this evening, and will continue until the 18th inst. Questions:—1st. Are you a Spiritualist, believing in man's demonstrable immortality? 2d. Have you ever seen a spiritual being that was once a mortal man or human being, an inhabitant of our earth, through clairvoyance or otherwise? 3d. Are you a medium for revelation from another and higher life, or spiritual existence? 4th. Do you know that you are an immortal being, with ability to determine your immortality? Please answer by return mail. Yours for the cause of humanity. Accept regards of

E. V. WILSON.

ORANGE, N. J., March 10, 1871.

**My Friend, E. V. Wilson:**—In reply to your kind letter of the 6th inst., I can freely and truthfully say that—1st, I am a Spiritualist. 2d, I have seen and held conversation with persons who once lived on

earth. 3d, I have, at intervals in my life, exercised the functions proper to several phases of mediumship, and still continue to exercise these functions when occasion requires. 4th and lastly, I know that death is not the end of my personal existence, and I believe intuitively that I am immortal. In justice to me, Bro. Wilson, I ask that you will state that the foundation of my own experience is clairvoyance; but that the idea lately circulated, that I have "recanted," or wish to exalt clairvoyance at the expense of mediumship, is wholly erroneous. My recent effort was directed toward the abuses and misapplication, and absurd doctrines which prevail among people who have absorbed the wonders and delights of Spiritualism, and omitted the great ideas and rational principles upon which alone the world can ever accomplish much religious progress.

Hoping you will do yourself and the subject justice, I remain your friend,

A. J. DAVIS.

#### The Discussion.

Read the carefully prepared report we have commenced publishing on page 5th, in this number, of the Wilson-Braden discussion. We had the pleasure of listening to every word of it, and shall present to our readers a concise digest of the debate, which was conducted with the utmost fairness and good feeling upon the part of both disputants, and listened to with respect and attention by intelligent audiences.

#### Subscribe! Subscribe!!

Still greater inducements we are now able to offer to all those who desire to read a spiritual paper. *THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST* is now \$1.50 a year. The *Lyceum Banner* \$1. Arrangements have been made by which these two papers will be sent to one address for \$2 a year. Both papers are published every two weeks alternately, so that those who subscribe for both will have a paper every week. But the important point that will commend itself to our friends these hard times for money, is the *unparalleled cheapness* with which two excellent papers are supplied for a year—thus enabling them not only to have good reading matter for themselves, but obtain it for their children. Every Spiritualist in the land ought to subscribe for both papers and get their friends to do the same.

A. A. W.

#### Northern Ohio Relief Association.

This organization has for its object to solicit and forward substantial aid to the sufferers impoverished by the ravages of war in France and Germany. It is understood that besides the large number of sick and wounded of both armies, that from the borders of Germany through the northern part of France, embracing a large portion of the wheat growing regions, a million of armed men have marched and fought over it, consuming everything and leaving thousands of human beings in actual starvation. The sufferings of these starving thousands appeal with an eloquence that should be irresistible, and insures prompt action on the part of men and women, patriots and Christians, to send their contributions, for it will be needed.

Never, perhaps, was there a time or an occasion when a generous sympathy was more imperatively called for, by human sufferers needing alleviation; and it is believed that with a certainty of donations reaching destination, and accomplishing the object intended, a prompt and generous response will be given to the appeal.

Arrangements have been made for a public store-room, at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, North Side of Public Square, to receive flour, grain, seeds, cheese, and any or all articles which can either be forwarded or converted into money. It is expected that the different railroads will furnish free or reduced rates of transportation to Cleveland and to the sea-board; and also that a government vessel will transport supplies across the ocean, where a responsible agent will see that all is expended with the utmost care.

All money remittances, as well as shipments, are to be consigned to "T. P. Handy, Treasurer N. O. Relief Association, Cleveland, Ohio."

Let it be remembered that every dollar in money contributed may save a human life. Will you please see that there is an earnest, active working committee, who shall canvass in your vicinity, and have all contributions forwarded promptly.

HON. STEPHEN BUHRER Mayor, President

L. F. MELLE, Secretary.

T. P. HANDY, Pres. Mer. National Bank, Treasurer.

#### Voices of Correspondents.

A. A. Wheelock:

**Dear Sir:**—Your blue stamp shows that my subscription for *THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST* has expired. Enclosed please find \$1.50 for the coming year. I began taking your paper one year ago, from curiosity. I would not be without it now, for twenty times the price of subscription. Fraternally,

Kent, O.

J. W. B.

**American Spiritualist:**—I herewith send you \$1.50, for the best spiritual paper published since the blessed old *Herald of Progress* yielded up the ghost. May it be long ere you meet with a similar fate. Excuse me for not sending the money sooner: never stop this paper, for you shall always have your money. Yours truly,

Kokomo, Ind.

A. R.

**Publishers American Spiritualist:**—

I esteem your paper as one of the best, if not the very best exponent of sound spirit philosophy. Indeed I don't know how we could dispense with its genial greetings, and I could not improve on its excellent management if I would. May the good and wise both sides the shining river, bless and prosper *THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST*. Yours for truth,

Boston, Mass.

J. H.

The time for which I paid for *THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST* I believe was out the 1st of January last, as I commenced with the year, and have paid regularly every year, till this year I am rather late, for I had some hopes of getting another subscriber. But no—not a solitary one. I wish some lecturers would come in here and wake some of the people up. A prominent man in Forest told me a few days ago, that Spiritualism had all gone to smash now; that one of the leaders had come out and pronounced it all humbug, and offered to expose the whole thing. "Thinks I to myself," some men will stop the Mississippi river running down stream, some day. I like *THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST*, and think it is just such a paper as we need to wake the people up.

Forest, Ohio.

Yours truly, S. H.

**Eds. American Spiritualist:**—To bring about on earth a foundation on which justice and equality can rest and peace find an abiding place, I offer the following resolutions:

**Resolved**, That all the children of our common humanity, having an equal right to breathe common air, so that they may live, have in common a corresponding right to a portion of the earth's surface, so that they may eat.

**Resolved**, That a monopoly of land by individuals, companies or classes, is virtually instituting slavery. Denying access to the elements out of which property is made, is not "loving our neighbors as ourselves," nor "doing unto others as we would that others should do to us," and is a subversion of the foundations of morality; corrupts legislation; vitiates courts of law and justice; arrests human progress; destroys identity of interests; is source of discontent, of crime, and also of bodily and mental sufferings unutterable.

**Resolved**, Therefore, that the land shall not be bought nor sold. And that every person, without distinction of sex, when of age, shall be presented with a portion, as a God given inheritance.

**Resolved**, That this movement be immediately inaugurated; that now is the auspicious day.

May the borders of the Arctic Circle resound with the sound of its coming, and all wrongs and special privileges fall to pieces by the sound of its reverberations. Let the temperate zones clap their hands with joyful emotion, and the equatorial belt, in all its wide circumference and grandeur, burst forth with rapturous hallelujahs, for the foundations of justice are about to be again established, and a sure resting place found for the human angelic choir (the Shakers,) while they sound in everlasting strains the song of peace and good will, the harmony of the dispensations, of natural and divine law, and of a life embodying physical, moral and divine righteousness.

DANIEL FRASER.

Shaker Village, Mount Lebanon, N. Y.

**Mr. J. M. Peebles:**—**Dear Sir:**—Enclosed you will find \$2.00, for your valuable paper, *THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST*, and the *Lyceum Banner*. I would like you to give Mrs. C. H. Dodge, of Palmyra, Wisconsin, a notice in your paper, for me. She is a great searcher after truth, and a sincere and reliable medium; also a good lecturer, but very hard for her to start out on that mission. This is a good field for her labors. May the blessing of the Great Spirit be upon you, and his ministering angels guide you in your earnest labors for the advancement of truth and humanity.

MRS. C. L. WILSON.

Webster City, Iowa.

[We sincerely hope that Mrs. Dodge will listen to the voice of the angels, as every person with such medium powers should, and both heal and speak as opportunity may offer. We have no right to "hide our light under a bushel" in the midst of so much Christian darkness.—Ed.]

## World's Convention.

Our young friend, Cephas B. Lynn, in his interesting "Western Locals," written for the *Banner of Light*, inquires about the World's Convention of Spiritualists. The inquiry is well timed. To the answer, then.

Besides a number of letters relating to this proposed convention, that have reached us from various parts of the country, we are in possession of three from England, one from Italy, and one from Cuba. They are generally suggestive—nothing more. All communications thus far received, favor such a Convention, providing "the more thoughtful and reflective Spiritualists make up the majority." London and New York are the only two feasible places for holding it. Doubtless many in this country would prefer either Boston or Philadelphia, to our great commercial city, New York. One faithful worker, writing us from London, advises that "it be put off till Spiritualism reaches its twenty-fifth year—a quarter of a century." As yet there seems no general concert of thought or action."

## Recanting.

D. D. HOME, the Spiritual medium, has become an Episcopalian, and is to assume holy orders directly.—*Troy Times*.

This paragraph, clipped from a Troy paper, is one among other straggling echoes from English Journals. It may, and may not be true. If true, what of it? Mr. Home once in the past turned Roman Catholic. It is commonly understood in England that when he is among Christian Spiritualists, he is quite Christian, and when among independent Spiritualists, he is free-thinking and brave in utterance. Such media as are more or less subject to psychological influences, are seldom noted for firmness, decision of character, or mental profundity. Whether Mr. Home be Catholic, Episcopalian, or Parsee, it matters not so far as the truth of Spiritualism is concerned. Its wide-spread phenomena are facts—present, tangible facts, demonstrating a future existence, and the "gates of hell cannot prevail against them."

## New Era

Is a neat and spicy monthly, published by the officers of the Universal Life Association at \$2 a year, in advance. The *Era* is published in the interest of, and is the organ of "The Universal Life Association," which has been established to confer benefits supposed to be secured by the Universal Insurance Companies in the land, which have become little less than great monied corporations, where "the big fish eat up the little ones." Unlike the other money-grabbing system, with millions piled up in securities, out of the interest and use of which officers amass fortunes in a few years, this association makes no assessment only upon the death of a member. This is certainly a great improvement on the system of insurance, and we advise every one to join the Universal Life Association.

The officers can never receive one farthing from its funds for their services, while the benevolent object and design of its organization is clearly set forth in the following brief extract from an able editorial in the March number:

"The Universal Life Association, of Cleveland, Ohio, was formed for the benefit of each member of the Association, to render an assurance at the death of a member for a stipulated sum, deposited in bank for that purpose, with the least expense possible."

The officers of this Association are well-known gentlemen of integrity and intelligence: David U. Pratt, President, Marcus C. Parker, M. D., Treasurer; Abner Hitchcock, Secretary, and Albert A. Whitney, General Travelling Superintendent.

A. A. W.

A few of our subscribers have not responded to our BLUE STAMP NOTICE! Will those who OWE us, send the money AT ONCE.

A. A. W.

## TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

## DEERING HEIGHTS.

Anticipating a great demand, we published extra large editions of all the numbers of the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST containing the startling story of "Deering Heights." The demand, however, has so far exceeded our expectations that our supply is nearly exhausted. The number containing the second chapter cannot be longer supplied, and for the benefit of new subscribers we insert a synopsis of it, that they may not lose the thread of the story:

It is retrospective. Victor Leland is attracted by a poem in a newspaper, by Mary Malcolm; he solicits correspondence, which matures into friendship and love. Their first meeting is at the depot; the drive to the residence of Mr. Malcolm in the waning sunlight of October, form its descriptive portions.

The story deepens in interest as it advances, and some of its chapters, wherein the "results" are presented, reveal the most revolting and atrocious crimes and terrible suffering, possible only when fanaticism and lust are brought in contact with the weak and the innocent.

## Elder Knapp.

BY GEORGE A. BACON.

This notorious revivalist has been engaged in making night hideous for several weeks past by his *outré* and vulgar demonstrations in Tremont Temple, Boston, in his frenzied and insane efforts to save souls from being eternally lost in the sulphurous flames of hell. Waxing warm, and growing red in the face, he apparently revels in his endeavors to out-devil Satan himself, an undertaking in which he usually succeeds. A more obscene, blasphemous, insulting and publicly libellous expounder of orthodoxy we never heard, and question whether his equal can anywhere be found. In private, social life such coarse, foul-mouthed utterances would not be tolerated for an instant; and the "religion" which can stand it must, indeed, be rotten with unreasonableness.

To him or her who is troubled with the slightest modicum of thought, the performances of this ordained Elder ought to be enough to forever disgust one with all kindly consideration for that so-called system of salvation which he seeks to enforce, and of which he is so conspicuous an example.

In matters of vital religion, how true it is that "a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein."

## "Search After God"—God Found.

BY DR. A. UNDERHILL.

In the "Religio Philosophical Journal" there has been an extended article—"A Search after God" I think the whole subject of inquiry, in that direction, can be settled in one sentence. The Divine or God is the focus, or centralization of all forces or power; of all principles and laws; of ideas and intelligence; of all life and sensation; of all knowledge and wisdom; of all love and goodness, &c. Now, where any of these are, to that extent or degree God is there; whether in the amorphous mass, the conglomerate or stratified rock; whether in plant, tree or flower; whether in zoophyte, polyparia or mollusk; whether in fishes, reptiles or proteans; whether in bird, quadruped or quadrumania; whether in man, spirit or angel. That form or being in which the greatest centralization of all these and their attributes are, or exist, will be the nearest to, and most god-like, to our comprehension. By critically studying and applying the foregoing, the enquirer will find an answer to the often asked question—Who, what, and where is God?

Again, as to form, being, and personality. It is a settled fact or principle, that effects are and must be like their causes; that no cause can impart what it does not itself inherently possess. Forms exist, beings exist, personalities exist, intelligence exists with will, design, power, love, virtue, wisdom, goodness, &c.

Query—Have they a cause of which they are an offspring or reflection, or are they the image or likeness of a cause or causes.

Again, are all these without design—the result of chance? Look out into the living, moving world for correspondences and an answer.

Akron, O.

## Evangelical Wants.

The *Evangelist* says:—What we want for the pulpit is not merely "more brains," but more love—love for God and for men—which makes even the humblest preacher eloquent with the power of sympathy.

From the Ministerial record held at this office, and the current reports of the press, we are inclined to think the pulpit, however deficient in "love for men," has no lack of love for women. Notwithstanding the *Evangelist*, we recommend "more brains," and less of that love it so strongly recommends.

H. T.

CIRCULAR TO THE LIBERAL PUBLIC—Is a supplement to one issue of the *Boston Investigator*, which calls for funds to assist in building a "Paine Memorial Hall, as a testimonial to the great services of Thomas Paine, in the struggle for American Independence and for universal mental freedom." If one object of this Hall is, as stated, for "free discussion, amusements and lectures," we heartily wish these friends success, and hope the day is not far distant when this free land will be thickly dotted over with such buildings, where Liberals, Infidels, Spiritualists, Christians and all who, desire, may give free and full expression to their views. This is a sensible move in the right direction, and just what Spiritualists have inaugurated in many parts of the country. The following earnest appeal of Messrs. Mendum, Seaver, Beckett, Savage and Altman, in behalf of this object, Spiritualists all over the land will do well to read, reflect upon its significance, and ask themselves the question "if cold, dead, hopeless materialism is worth such an effort, what are the grand, sublime truths of Spiritualism worth at your hands?" These earnest infidels truthfully say:

"Friends, brothers, sisters, the hour will come when we must cease from our labor. The cause that the proprietor and editor of the *Boston Investigator* have expended their lives in, is in itself an earnest voucher that not for self alone, but for humanity, they have worn away a lifetime. And we invite all our friends to zealous and prompt action, as advancing age indicates that time waits for none. We all feel solicitous that our works may still live after we retire; and that our advocate of freedom, our sturdy old *Investigator*, may still, for coming generations, sound our rallying cry—'For all peoples and over all lands forever Liberty.'"

A. A. W.

## Personal and Local.

We are under obligations to Hon. Job E. Stevenson, Hon. M. C. Kerr, and Hon. Randolph Strickland, for Pub. Docs.

Preparations are being made for a very general observance of the "31st of March," by Spiritualists throughout the country. This is as it should be. Keep it before the people!

The *Troy Times* publishes quite a full report of Bro. Peebles' lecture—"Why and how I became a Spiritualist," recently delivered during his two months' engagement in Troy. He will lecture in Webster Hall, Webster, Mass., Friday eve, March 31st; in Music Hall, Boston, March 26th and April 2d.

MUSIC HALL SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.—Edward S. Wheeler finished his engagement at this hall, Sunday afternoon, March 12th, in a well sustained and interesting argument on the fruitful subject, "The Religion of Spiritualism and the Spiritualism of Religion." At the close of his remarks, by vote of the audience, he delivered an improvised poem upon "The Personality of the Devil, as manifested by Elder Knapp." Both lecture and poem were well appreciated by the audience.—*Banner of Light*.

W. F. Jamieson has become the editor of the Northwestern department of *The Crucible*. In his introductory address he says:

"An editor should never write under espionage. He should be free, free to express his own thoughts upon any subject. . . . Courtesy and charity do not imply that truth and justice should not be exercised to the fullest extent. . . . An editor who writes with reference to the marketable value of his thoughts, dishonors his profession."

That's right, Bro. Jamieson. Free your mind.

Bro Cephas B. Lynn, who is speaking at Sturgis, Mich., this month, is engaged to lecture during April in Louisville, Ky. Cephas is truly a representative of the irrepressible Yankee—industrious and ever on the move.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan is giving a course of lectures, on successive Sundays, morning and evening, during the month of March, in this city, at Apollo Hall. Her themes embrace a wide range of thought, with a practical bearing in relation to the needs and duties of men and women. She is listened to with much apparent interest, by large and appreciative audiences.—*National Standard* (New York, Mar. 18.)

From a short note, we learn that Mrs. H. F. M. Brown is at Sterling, Ill. It is not necessary for Hannah Frances to live there to create the impression that she is a sterling woman, for she has proved that long since, as one of the most earnest and capable workers the reforms of the day have known.

A. A. W.

We see that our friend W. F. Jamieson, offers to fraternally debate the question of Immortality with any Infidel of acknowledged character and ability, who will meet him in like spirit. Especially is he desirous of measuring mental swords with Mr. B. F. Underwood, the distinguished Free thinker, so-called, and probably the very ablest disputant the *Investigator* class can put into the field. A discussion on this subject, between these well-known gentlemen, both of whom are skilled in polemic warfare, and familiar with this particular question, would be an entertainment we would go some distance to attend. With no fears for the result—for truth is bound to conquer sooner or later—may the best man win.

G. A. B.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

THE IRRECONCILABLE RECORDS is the title of a small book which has reached us from the publishing house of William White & Co., Boston, Mass. The author is the well-known geological authority and popular lecturer, William Denton. It is neatly and substantially bound in cloth, and in a manner that reflects credit upon the publishers. Price 40 cents in cloth; paper 25 cents.

We have had only time to give a brief review to these 80 pages of condensed facts and unanswerable logic, which like the infallibility of Prof. Denton's science, admit of no failure, because earth, air and sea, "and all that in them is," rests upon geology as a basis—Bible and all—not geology on the Bible—hence, though that book of Jewish fables should be utterly destroyed, the everlasting records of the gray old rocks, which Mr. Denton presents with such a master hand, still remains, an unmistakable revelation that time is always making. Mr. Denton hurls his rocky arguments into the crumbling air-castles of theology, with a terrible crash. The owls and bats of that dismal abode fly about and hoot with affright and terror, as they discover the rays of light from the sun of science, penetrating the night of bigotry and superstition, in which they have lived and for which they have so often thanked God!

This book, to the student and thinker, will be more than a pocket Bible to a Christian; for it is full, brim-full of the most valuable information, presented in the bold, frank, uncompromising and truly attractive style of the author. We predict for it an immense sale.

*The Crucible*.—Just as we go to press, this new candidate for a race in newspaper life reaches us. It is the same form of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, and half the size—eight pages. Subscription price \$2.00 a year in advance—\$3.00 a year when paid at the end of the year. It is a neat, spicy sheet, and bears evidence of being unmistakably under the "commands of Moses."

Moses Hull, Editor; W. F. Jamieson, Editor of N. W. Department; D. W. Hull, Corresponding Editor. There! Just as we said—Moses has got the "Hull" of it in the "Crucible." We should like to know how Moses or Daniel can deny it. Then there is Bro. Jamieson, "sandwiched" between the "Hulls." Now when we come to reflect that "crucible" means a "melting-pot," we confess it looks as though Bro. J. was in danger of reaching a condition of *liquidite*, but are reassured, and our fears somewhat quieted as we discover that Bro. Jamieson is the Northwestern editor, with home way up in Minnesota, a climate especially adapted to the cooling-off process—hence less danger of melting, we suppose. Evidently there is a fitness in things. Well, brothers of *The Crucible*—levity aside—we congratulate you on the successful issuing of your paper—its neat appearance—and heartily wish you abundant success in the laborious work you have espoused, for the world is wide and there is room for all.

Once a Week the *Young Ladies' Own Journal*, Vol. I. No. 1, March 4th, by Frank Leslie, "appeals especially to young ladies," on account of the fine drawings, fashion plates, etc. we suspect, with which it abounds. If we were a young lady, we should invest in this, and have our "own journal" "once a week" at least.

EVAN'S ADVERTISING HAND-BOOK.—This useful and important little book to advertisers for 1871 came to our desk during our absence, and hence some delay in reviewing it. After carefully looking through the valuable compilation of statistical facts recorded on its pages, we are of the opinion expressed by this King of Advertising Agents, T. C. Evans, when he says: "All who want to invest money in advertising, whether \$5.00 or \$50,000, is invited to the ADVERTISING HAND-BOOK."

*Every Boy's Magazine* comes to our table, as we are glad to have it and every other magazine. We see no reason why "every boy" may not take this magazine, as it is only fifty cents a year, and every boy who is old enough to read, ought to have that amount to invest in pleasant reading. It is devoted to "fiction, travel, history and sport." Well, travel, history and sport are all well enough for boys—especially sport, most of the boys would say: but as for "fiction," there is too much of that in the world now. Give them something real in the place of fiction. Wm. H. Rideing, 4 Province Court, Boston, is publisher.

*Young Peoples' Helper and Temperance Visitor* has come to visit us from way down in Maine. It is a neat little paper for the little folks. Only fifty cents a year. It is published in Rockland, Maine, by J. G. Vose, and all the boys and girls are wanted to take it.

*The Rapid Writer*.—We have received a new and interesting quarterly devoted to the introduction of the new system of brief writing. All who have as much writing to do as we have, will hail anything in the line of brevity, as a perfect godsend! Success to it, say we.

*The Nineteenth Century* has come to us at last, as a newspaper—"an independent reform journal," A. J. Boyer Editor and Publisher. Issued monthly, at Dayton, Ohio. \$1.00 a year. The tone of this little sheet is decidedly "plucky"—much excellent reading matter in it—and we heartily wish the editor abundant success.

A. A. W.

### MARRIED.

In this city, February, 7th, by Rev. Dr. W. W. McKaig, J. D. Wheelock to Miss L. J. Downing.—*Marysville (Cal.) Appeal*.

The above we find in a California paper, which notifies us of the sudden departure of our worthy cousin John, from a state of lonely singleness to one of married blessedness. Like most of the Wheelocks, John shows good sense by entering into partnership for life with some sweet and attractive young lady; and although not having the pleasure of an acquaintance with the happy bride, we judge from the pleasant photographic shadow sent us, that this must be about the best bargain John ever made. Certainly we hail with pleasure the knowledge that another cousin has been added to our numerous list, and wish them all the joy in this new and sacred relation, that their brightest fancy can paint, or their dearest hopes can picture.

A. A. W.

### OVER THE RIVER.

Passed over the river, March 2d, 1871, Mrs. Tamar Thorp, in the 78th year of her age.

Her sickness was very brief. She was a firm Spiritualist, and her faith was strong and unwavering, that death was but a step to higher life. This faith sustained her in her declining years, and she enjoyed that faith that robs death of its sting, the grave of its victory. The services were conducted by C. L. F. Havens.

Banner of Light please copy.

C. H. THORP.

Knowlesville, March 9, 1871.

### CARD TO THE SPIRITUALISTS EVERYWHERE.

LOOKING BEYOND.—To supply a great need in our Spiritual literature, by furnishing corroborative demonstration of angel presence, more especially for the bereft of every home, I propose to edit a work entitled, "Looking Beyond," that shall contain the last testimony of the departing, at the sacred hour of the "new birth." Since Spiritualism began its work such evidences are multiform everywhere. We would rather them into readable form. We would, by their light, strive to bless the sorrowing.

Will Spiritualists in every part of the country, help me in culling these beautiful facts? Cut from newspapers, and furnish unpublished evidences as far as possible. Please give names, dates and places, also witnesses.

Would like to hear from you, friends, immediately. Our address is Glen Beulah, Sheboygan County, Wisconsin.

J. O. BARRETT.

### LECTURER'S REGISTER.

[This list is published gratuitously. It will be extended as fast as those interested notify us of its reliability. Will those concerned keep us posted?]

Allyn, C. Fannie, permanent address, Stoneham, Mass.

Barrett, J. O., Glen Beulah, Wis.

Ballou, Mrs. Addie L., Chicago, Ill., care *R. P. Journal*.

Brown Mrs. H. F. M., Chicago, Ill., care *Lyceum Banner*.

Byrnes, Mrs. Sarah A. Permanent address 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Brigham, Mrs. Nellie J. T. Permanent address, Colerain,

Mass. Boston during Feb., Philadelphia during April and May.

Burnham, Mrs. Abby N. Address 10 Chapman st. Boston.

Bailey, Dr. James K. Box 394 La Porte, Ind.

Carpenter, A. E. Care *Banner of Light*, Boston, Mass.

Chase, Warren. 601 No. Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

Clark, Dean Address care *Banner of Light*, Boston, Mass.

Child, Dr. A. B. Address 50 School street, Boston, Mass.

Cooper, Dr. James Bellefontaine, Ohio.

Cowles, J. P., M.D. Ottawa, Ill.

Currier, Dr. J. H. 39 Wall street, Boston, Mass.

Clark J. J. Mrs., Missionary Agent, Address 155 Harrison Ave., Boston, Mass.

Daniels, Mrs. E. L. 10 Chapman street, Boston, Mass.

Doten, Miss Lizzie Pavilion, 57 Tremont st., Boston, Mass.

Denton, Prof. Wm. Wellesley, Mass.

Davis, Mrs. Agnes M. 289 Main street, Cambridgeport Mass.

Davis Miss Nellie L. 49 Butterfield street, Lowell, Mass.

Dunn, Dr. E. C. Rockford, Ill.

Doty, A. E. Illion, Herkimer county, N. Y.

Dutton, Geo. M.D. West Randolph, Vt.

Davis, Nellie L. 49 Butterfield St., Lowell, Mass. Feb. and

March in Worcester, April in Lynn. Will take engagements in the West and South for summer or autumn.

Forster, Thomas Gales. In Philadelphia during Feb. In Baltimore during March, in Troy during April, in Salem during May.

Foss, Andrew T. Manchester, N. H.

Fishback, Rev. A. J. Sturgis, Mich.

Fish, J. G. Address Hammon, N. J.

Fairfield, Dr. H. P. Ancora, N. J.

French, Mrs. M. Louise, Washingtonville, So. Boston.

Gordon, Laura DeForce Box 2123 San Francisco, Cal.

Graves, Kersey Address Richmond, Ind.

Greenleaf, Isaac P. 1061 Washington street, Boston.

Greenleaf, N. S. Address Lowell, Mass.

Guild, John P. "Lawrence, Mass.

Griggs, Dr. I. P. Box 409 Fort Wayne, Ind.

Hardinge, Mrs. Emma, Address No. 6 Vassall Terrace, Kensington, W. London, England.

Hinman, E. Annie Falls Village, Conn.

Hoadley, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Fitchburg, Mass.

Horton, Sarah A. East Saginaw, Mich.

Houghton, Dr. Henry M. Montpelier, Vt.

Hull, Moses Address 166 West Baltimore st., Baltimore, Md.

Hull, D. W. Address Hobart Ind.

Hubbard, Julia J. Address Box 455 Portsmouth, N. H.

Hodges, Dr. J. N. No. 9 Henry street, East Boston.

Holt, Charles, Warren, Warren county, Penn.

Howe, Lyman C. Box 99 Fredonia, New York.

Jamieson, Wm. F. Lake City, Minn.

James, Abraham Pleasantville, Penn.

Johnson, Susie M. Baltimore during Jan. Permanent address, Milford, Mass.

Kellogg, O. P. Address East Trumbull, Ohio.

Knowles, Mrs. Frank Reed, Breedsville, Mich.

Leys, Jennie Address care Dr. Crandon, Tremont Temple, Boston.

Logan, Mrs. F. A. Address care Warren Chase, St. Louis.

Loveland, James S. 350 Jessie street, San Francisco, Cal.

Lynn, Cephas B. Address care AM. SPIRITUALIST, corner Sheriff and Prospect sts. Cleveland, O.

Mathews, Sarah Helen Quincy, Mass.

Mayhew, Dr. John Box 607 Washington, D. C.

Maynard, Nettie Colburn White Plains, N. Y.

Middlebrook, Anna M. Permanent address Box 778 Bridgeport, Conn.

Mossop, Mrs. A. E. Permanent address Dayton, O.

Mansfield, J. L. Box 137 Clyde, O.

Peebles, J. M. Speaks in Baltimore during May. In Cleveland Ohio for ten months from Oct 1st. Address care AM. SPIRITUALIST, cor Sheriff and Prospect sts. Cleveland, O.

Pierce G Amos Box 87 Auburn, Maine.

Powell J H 162 Chelsea st East Boston

Randolph Dr P B 89 Court st Room 20 Boston

Robinson A C Salem Mass

Rudd Jennie S 4 Myrtle st Providence R I

Ruggles Elvira Wheelock Havana Ill

Seaver J W Byron N Y

Severance Mrs J H Stillman M D Milwaukee Wis

Slade Dr H 227 West 20th st New York City.

Smith Fanny Davis Milford Mass.

Simmons Austin E Woodstock Vt

Stiles Joseph D Dansville Vt

Storer Dr H B 69 Harrison ave Boston

Stowe Mrs C M San Jose Cal

Thwing Mattie Conway Mass

Thompson Sarah M 161 St Clair st Cleveland O

Toohy John H W Providence R I

Tuttle Hudson Berlin Heights O

Underhill, Dr. A., Akron, Ohio. Will respond to invitations to lecture.

Van Namee J Wm 420 Fourth ave New York

Warner Mrs S E Cordova Ill

Waisbrooker Lois Box 159 Ravenna O

Wadsworth Dr F L 399 S Morgan st Chicago

Wheeler E S in Boston during March

Wheelock A A AM SPIRITUALIST cor Sheriff and Prospect sts Cleveland O.

White N Frank

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Hoping I may be the means of putting many others in the way of making your acquaintance, I am, with best wishes to you and yours,

O. B.

Quincy, Ill., Oct. 12th, 1867.

Sir:—The two bottles of medicine, sent to my address here have accomplished thus far all that you claimed for it. \*

I have met the Young Men's Christian Association, and presented to them what I believed to be the merits of your medicine, urging their immediate action in the recommendation of its use in the Asylum of Good Templars, which institution is yet in its infancy, having incurred heavy expense in the procuring of a proper house or home. Yesterday I was waited on by a committee of three, saying that they had decided on giving it a trial. \*

Mrs. A. E. DUNAHOO.

South Onondaga, Oct. 17th, 1867.

Dear Sir:—Your "Radical Cure" for intemperance has proved so beneficial to my husband, that some of my friends wish me to write for more.

My husband was and has been for some years very intemperate; but, thanks to you and our Heavenly Father, he is entirely cured, and words will hardly express our gratitude. I sent before in Mrs. Bradley's name, for fear I could not persuade him to take it, but now he is willing to say he owes his cure to your medicine, and for it we shall ever remain grateful to you. MRS. O. H. AMIDON.

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Sir:—Thinking you might wish for my reference with regard to the efficacy of your "Cure," I give you the address of T. V. D., Buffalo, N. Y., to whom you may write for particulars. You may remember that I caused to be sent to you from Rochester, N. Y., an order for some of your medicine a year ago. He is a thoroughly cured man, not only of rum-drinking but also of tobacco-chewing, and has resumed his place in his father's affections and business.

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BY MRS. N. W. MAITLAND.

The brilliant morn seems breaking fast  
The dark portentous clouds of night,  
Which sin of ignorance long has cast  
Around the mind, to clog its flight;  
Then lightly sound the clarion note  
Of mental freedom, loud and clear,  
And let her fluttering banners float  
Their starry emblems far and near.

How dismal sound the clanking chains  
Of superstition's iron-bound creed,  
Whose mandates urge in wailing strains,  
Upon the mass their urgent needs.

How long this weary night remains,  
And flings its darkness o'er the mind,  
Whose chilling breath so sadly stains  
The earthly pathway of mankind.

Then wave thy olive branch of peace,  
Across the tortuous paths of life,  
Commanding sorrows, tears to cease.  
By sweetly lulling fear and strife.

Then loudly chant thy anthems forth,  
And mingle with their strains of mirth  
The long regretted notes of truth,  
Which ever float so near to earth.

We gladly hail thy welcome light,  
Which bids the clouds of mist depart,  
And scatters sunbeams in thy flight,  
To cheer the faltering, fainting heart.

Thy balmy dew with healing powers,  
With rising morn and sunlit sky,  
Falls on the soul in gentle showers,  
With prayer for all—"Kind heaven be nigh!"

Then sweetly tune thy lute's glad string,  
To warble gaily truth's clear note,  
Whose pleasing ecstasy doth fling  
Her fluttering strains through time to float.

Grand thought of life! How long thy sound  
Has rang through space its bugle blast,  
Forevermore its pulse will bound,  
While God's great truth is o'er thee cast.

Each glittering star doth claim its space,  
And twinkling brightly through the night,  
Revolving in their steady pace  
Around the glorious orb of light.

Held by that great Eternal Power  
Which nature claims as all her own,  
And meting out from hour to hour,  
Those living truths about us thrown.

Great, glorious noonday flood of light!  
Fling o'er the silvery arch of heaven  
Thy radiant bow, whose colors bright  
Inspire the theme to angels given.

Great, living, throbbing pulse of hope,  
Whose breathing strains the soul doth love,  
Embracing in thy grasping scope,  
Eternal life in realms above.

**CONVERSION TO JUDAISM IN BOSTON.**—Some weeks ago Mr. Isaac Sleeper, twenty-eight years old, called upon the Rev. Dr. A. Alexander, minister of the Congregation Mishean Israel, in Boston, and desired to be admitted as a member of the Jewish community. After being refused by the reverend gentleman, the young man further urged his wishes, stating that he could not be happy in any other religion, as he had convinced himself of the purity and truth of the belief of the one God—the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the Creator of heaven and earth, who revealed himself on Mount Sinai and gave the Ten Commandments.

Though the ceremonial laws in the Mosaic code are rather heavy to perform by a Gentile, still their truths are based upon real fundamental principles. After the minister convinced himself that the young man's motives were true and pure, and the latter promised not to shrink back, but was ready to submit himself to the right of circumcision. The reverend Doctor instructed him in the principles of the Mosaic religion, prepared him for the examination before the authorized committee, and, with courage, he went through the ceremony and entered into the covenant last Friday night.—*P. Churchman.*

## Paraphoric.

It is true wisdom to speak little of the injuries you have received, or the good deeds you have done.

Those who look for faults find faults, and become fault-finders by profession; but those who look for truth and good, find that.

Small nursery drama.—"Now I'll be papa, going to fix the furnace." Sallie.—"Oh, yes! and I'll be the new nurse, and you must kiss me behind the cellar door!"

Death is but a kind and welcome servant, who unlocks with noiseless hand life's flower-encircled door to show us those we love.

"Is your note good?" asked a merchant the other day of a person who offered a note for a lot of goods. "Well," replied the purchaser, "I should think it ought to be; everybody's got one."

Do daily and hourly your duty; do it patiently and thoroughly. Do it as it presents itself; do it at the moment, and let it be its own reward. Never mind whether it be known or acknowledged or not, but do not fail to do it.

At a juvenile party in Lowell, one little fellow, rejoicing in the splendor of his new clothes, sidled up to another with the triumphant remark, "You ain't dressed as well as I am." "Well," retorted the other, "I can lick you, anyhow."

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And other Joys to come.

Earn your own bread; earn your comfort; earn your pleasure; earn your social blessings; earn your privileges as a citizen; earn everything you have by giving a fair equivalent for it. Be ashamed to hold anything that you have paid nothing for. Or, if you have been left property that you have paid nothing for, take it, and give an equivalent for it in the using.

A youth was lamenting to his father the ordeal of popping the question. "Pooh!" said the patriarch, "how do you suppose I managed?" "You needn't talk," responded the young hopeful, "you married mother, and I've got to marry a stranger girl."

Like most garments, like most carpets, everything in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around, find troubles on the other side; or you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities.

A clergyman meeting a little boy of his acquaintance, said: "This is quite a stormy day, my son." "Yes sir," said the boy, "this is quite a wet rain." The clergyman, thinking to rebuke such a hyperbole, asked the boy if he knew of other than wet rain. "I never knew personally of any other," said the boy, "but I have read in a certain book of a time when it rained fire and brimstone, and I guess that was not wet rain—not much it wasn't."

That was a beautiful idea expressed by a lady on her death bed, in reply to a remark of her brother, who was taking leave of her to return to his distant residence, that he should probably never meet her in the land of the living. "Brother, I trust we shall meet in the land of the living. We are now in the land of the dying."

In the Cathedral of Grenada is the splendid marble monument and tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella. The forms of the King and Queen are represented as lying side by side on a bed. It is noticeable that the head of Isabella lies deep in the pillow, whilst that of Ferdinand hardly makes an impression. The tale goes that the sculpture said that as Isabella had all the brains, her head must necessarily be heavier than Ferdinand's, and make a greater impression.

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THE

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